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THE

CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION

OF THE SETTLEMENT OF THE

TOWN OF LANCASTER, N. H.

JULY 14, 1864.

REPORTED BY J. M. W. YERRINTON

CONCORD, N. H.:
PRINTED BY McFARLAND & JENKS.
1864.

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LANCASTER:
PUBLISHED BY E. SAVAGE, BOOKSELLER,
MAIN ST., NEAR THE LOWER BRIDGE.

M'FARLAND & JENKS, PRINTERS,
CONCORD, N. H.

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CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION.

In accordance with a notice extensively circulated by a committee of the citizens of Lancaster, N. H., the one hundreth anniversary of the settlement of that town was celebrated on Thursday, the 14th of July, 1864. Invitations had been extended to very many of the former residents of the town, now scattered throughout the broad Union, to re-visit their early home, and take part in the exercises of the occasion. To these invitations a large number responded in person or by letter. Among the prominent gentlemen from abroad were Hon. Edward D. Holton, of Milwaukee, Wis.; John B. Brown, Esq., of Portland, Me.; Nathaniel White, Esq., of Concord, N. H., and I. B. Gorham, Esq., of St. Johnsbury, Vt.

A national salute, fired from two old field pieces, taken from the British by Stark, at Bennington, the display of flags and the ringing of bells, ushered in the day. At an early hour, the stream of travel from the neighboring towns, on both sides of the river, commenced, and soon the usually quiet town presented an animated and holiday aspect. In the village itself, all labor was suspended, and the people gave themselves up to the unrestrained enjoyment of the day, and the exercise of a general and cordial hospitality.

The day was one of enchanting loveliness. Nature, with radiant smiles, welcomed her truant children, returning from crowded city or town to her motherly embrace, and fanned them with the breath of gales that "winnowed fragrance round the smiling land." Well might these wanderers from

the lovely valley where their youth was cradled repeat the lines of Gray, on revisiting Eton:

Ah, happy hills! ah, pleasing shade!
Ah, fields beloved in vain!
Where oft my careless childhood strayed
A stranger yet to pain;
I feel the gales that round ye blow
A momentary bliss bestow;
As waving fresh their gladsome wing,
My weary soul they seem to soothe,
And redolent of joy and youth,
To breathe a second spring.

A procession was formed at 9½ o'clock, on the south side of Elm street, the right resting upon Main, which, soon after ten o'clock, moved in the following order:

Aid. Marshal-in-Chief. Aid.
Lancaster Cornet Band, Lt. Albert F. Whipple, leader.
North Star Commandery of Knights Templar,
Sir Kt. J. I. Williams, commander.
Aid. North Star Lodge No. 8, A. F. & A. M., Aid.
B. F. Hunking, W. Master.
Engine Company, No. 1.
State and Town officials.
Aid. Committee of Arrangements. Aid.
Officers of the Day and Committees.
President of the Day.
Distinguished Visitors in carriages.
County officials and Government officers.
Soldiers bearing the National Flag.
Venerable settlers and residents of the Town, in carriages.
The Reverend Clergy.
Lancaster Glee Club.
Aid. The Sabbath Schools Aid.
connected with the various churches.
Aid. Citizens of Lancaster. Aid.
Aid. Citizens of other towns. Aid.

Appropriate banners and flags were displayed by the several societies, and the glorious stars and stripes, conspicuously

exhibited at several points, thrilled the heart with their patriotic associations.

The route of the procession was up Main street to the Lancaster House, where the President of the day, with other distinguished guests, was received; thence up Main to North, and down Main to the space adjoining the Congregational Church, where the literary exercises were to take place; a window having been removed from the north side of the church, and a temporary platform erected, that all, both inside and out, might have an opportunity to see and hear.

The church was soon crowded to its utmost capacity, and the space adjoining well filled by a large company, waiting the commencement of the exercises. The number present was variously estimated at from two to three thousand. Inside the church, several of the most venerable citizens occupied the front seats. Among them were Emmons Stockwell, Reuben G. Freeman, Francis Wilson, Douglass Spaulding, Ephraim Stockwell, Spencer Clark, William Holkins, Hon. Benjamin Hunking, and Beniah Colby.

At 11 o'clock, the exercises were commenced with music by the Cornet Band, at the conclusion of which, Col. Kent, Chief Marshal, said:

My friends, I regret to commence the exercises of the day by making excuses or apologies; but it is necessary I should do so, in order to a correct understanding of the remaining part of the programme. It was thoroughly understood that Col. Farrar, of Oregon, was to deliver the oration, and he gave me his personal pledge, on the 5th inst., that he would be here without fail. He was in Washington a few days ago, and the recent rebel incursion into Maryland, sundering the connection between that city and the rest of the country, has, I suppose, rendered it impossible for him to be here. Several gentlemen, who were invited, and also expected to be present, His Excellency, Governor Andrew, of Massachusetts, and His Excellency, Governor Gilmore, of this State, among others, have found it impossible for them to be here, in consequence of the business that has been thrust upon them from the same cause — the rebel raid. I

have received letters from several of these gentlemen, which will be read at the proper time.

But I am happy to say, that on this anniversary of the settlement of our good old town, we are not to be without speakers who will entertain us. There are gentlemen present from abroad, who, having served their country honorably in posts of danger, have come back to join with those who remain at home in celebrating this glorious anniversary, and others, who, in civil life, have honored by their success the town of their nativity. From them, you will be glad to hear. I take pleasure in saying that the programme at the dinner will be fully carried out.

And now, fellow-citizens, I am happy in introducing to you the President of the Day, Hon. David H. Mason, a Lancaster boy, whom you will rejoice to welcome here to-day, who will preside on the occasion, and will address you, in the absence of the orator.

Rev. David Perry, of Brookfield, Vt., then invoked the Divine blessing upon all the proceedings of the day; after which, the following song, written for the occasion by Henry O. Kent, Esq., (music by L. O. Emerson, of Boston,) was sung by the Glee Club in a most acceptable manner:

I.

The mountains look down in their grandeur and pride,
On the home of our childhood to-day;
On the wandering children who stole from their side
To gather rare flowers by the way.
They 're united again in the dear old town,
'Mong the streams and the woods of yore,
They have fought well the fight for gold and renown,
And they turn to their childhood's door.

II.

There are those who have lingered around the old home,
While their brethren were far in the strife;
That have tilled the old fields through the years that are flown,
In the quiet and comfort of life;
These welcome ye back with hearts full of joy,
A joy that commingles with pride,
As they greet with warm fervor each wandering boy
To the town where his forefathers died.

III.

We gather to-day among scenes so endeared,
To crown with the fame of her sons,
The time-silvered locks of the mother revered.
While an hundred long winters have flown;
To wreathe a full chaplet of daughters' warm love
'Mid the silvery sheen of her hair,
As enduringly pure as the azure above
That smiles on a homage so fair.

IV.

Welcome home, from the East and the West and the South,
Welcome home, on this dear natal day;
The kiss of some loved one is warm on each mouth;
Ye have tarried a long time away.
Welcome home, and forgetting the wearying care
That compassed the pathway ye trod,
Throw off the chill years and be young again here,
In the smile of a love born of God.

V.

Welcome home, to each spot so remembered of yore,
Welcome home, to each love that endures;
Gather strength for the journey that stretches before,
Ere our sails leave these vanishing shores.
Go forth from among us with tokens of love,
Glad burdens that weary not down;
So shall memory's banquet be spread as ye rove
From the home that's behind ye—our dear old town.

The President. We will commence with the opening chapter of the history of Lancaster. I therefore call upon Ossian Ray, Esq., to read the Charter of the town.

Mr. Ray. *Mr. President:* The original document is not to be had upon this occasion. Whether it was deposited, like some ancient charters that we read of in history, in the hollow of a tree in this town, or elsewhere, and has thus been lost, I know not. But we have, at any rate, a *fac simile* of the original document, nearly as old as that. I propose to read from that copy.

CHARTER.

LANCASTER—PROVINCE OF NEW-HAMPSHIRE.

[L. S.] GEORGE THE THIRD, by the Grace of God, of Great Brittain, France and Ireland, King Defender of the Faith, and so forth. To all persons to whom these presents shall come, Greeting: Know ye that we, of our special grace, certain knowledge and mere motion for the due encouragement of settling a new plantation within our said Province, by and with the advice of our trusty and well beloved Benning Wentworth, Esq., our Govonor and Commander in Chief of our said province of New-Hampshire, and of our council of the said province, Have, upon the conditions and reservations here in after made, given and granted, and by these presents, for us, our heirs and successors, do give and grant in equal shares unto our loving subjects, inhabitants of our said Province of New-Hampshire and our other Governments, and to their heirs and assigns forever, whose names are entered on this Grant, to be divided to and amongst them into *seventy-six* equal shares, all that tract or parcel of land situate, lying and being within our said Province of New-Hampshire, containing by admeasurement *Twenty Three Thousand and forty* acres, which tract is to contain ——— miles square and no more; out of which an allowance is to be made for highways and unimprovable land, by rocks, ponds, mountains and rivers one thousand and forty acres free, according to a plan and survey thereof made by our said Governor's order and returned into the Secretary's office, and hereunto annexed, butted and bounded as follows, viz: *Beginning* at a stake and stones standing on the bank of the Easterly side of Connecticut River, which is the Southwesterly corner bounds of Stonington; thence running south fifty-five degrees East seven miles by Stonington to the southeasterly corner thereof, then turning of and running south sixty-nine degress west ten miles; then turning of again and running north twenty-six degrees west to the Connecticut River; thence up the river as that tends to the stake and stones first above mentioned the bounds *begun at*, and that the same be and hereby is incorporated into a township by the name of *Lancaster*. And the inhabitants that do or shall hereafter inhabit the said Township are hereby declared to be enfranchised with, and entitled to, all and every the privileges and immunites that other towns within our Province by law exercise and enjoy. And further, that the said Town, as soon as there shall be fifty families resident and settled thereon shall have the liberty of holding two Fairs, one of which shall be held on the ——— and the other on the ——— annually, which Fairs are not to continue longer

than the respective ——— following the said ——— and that as soon as the said Town shall consist of fifty families a market may be opened and kept one or more days in each week as may be thought advantageous to the inhabitants. Also that the first meeting for the choice of Town Officers, agreeable to the laws of our said Province, shall be held on the *first Tuesday in August next*, when said meeting shall be notified by *David Page*, who is hereby also appointed the Moderator of said first meeting, which he is to notify and govern agreeably to the laws and customs of our said Province, and that the annual meeting forever hereafter for the choice of such officers for the said Town, shall be on the *second Tuesday* of March annually. To Have and to Hold the said tract of land as above expressed, together with all the privileges and appurtenances to them and their respective heirs and assigns forever, upon the following conditions, viz:

1st. That every Grantee, his heirs or assigns, shall plant and cultivate five acres of land within the term of five years, for every fifty acres contained in his or their share or proportion of land in said Township, and continue to improve and settle the same by continued cultivations, on penalty of the forfeiture of his grant or share in said Township, and of its reverting to us, our heirs and successors, to be by us or them regranted to such of our subjects as shall effectually settle and cultivate the same.

2d. That all white and other pine trees within the said Township, fit for masting our Royal Navy, be carefully preserved for that use, and none to be cut or felled without our special license for so doing first had and obtained, upon the penalty of the forfeiture of the right of such Grantee, his heirs and assigns, to us, our heirs and successors, as well as being subject to the penalty of any act or acts of parliament, that now are or hereafter shall be enacted.

3d. That before any division of the land be made to and among the Grantees, a tract of land as near the centre of said Township as the land will admit of, shall be reserved and marked out for Town lots, one of which shall be allotted to each Grantee of the contents of one acre.

4th. Yielding and paying therefore to us, our heirs and successors, for the space of ten years, to be computed from the date hereof, the rent of one ear of Indian Corn only, on the 25*th day of December* annually, if lawfully demanded; the first payment to be made on the 25*th day of December*, 1763.

5th. Every proprietor, settler or inhabitant, shall yield or pay unto us, our heirs and successors, yearly and every year forever, from and after the expiration of ten years from the above said *twenty-fifth day of December* namely, on the 25*th day*

of December which will be in the year of our Lord, 1773, one shilling proclamation money for every one hundred acres he so owns, settles or possesses, and so in proportion for a greater or lesser tract of the said land; which money shall be paid by the respective persons above said, their heirs and assigns, in our Council Chamber in Portsmouth, or to such Officer or Officers as shall be appointed to receive the same; and this to be in lieu of all other rents and services whatsoever.

In Testimony whereof, we have caused the seal of our said Province to be hereunto affixed. Witness, *Benning Wentworth, Esquire,* our Governor and Commander-in-Chief of our said Province, the *fifth* day of *July,* in the year of our Lord Christ, One Thousand Seven Hundred and *Sixty-Three,* and in the *third* year of our reign.

B. WENTWORTH.

By his Excellency's Command,
with advice of the Council.
T. ATKINSON, Jun., Secretary.

Province of New-Hampshire, July 6th, 1763. Recorded according to the original charter under the province seal.
T. ATKINSON, Jun., Secretary.

THE NAMES OF THE GRANTEES OF LANCASTER.

David Page,
David Page, Junior,
Abraham Byam,
Reuben Stone,
John Grout,
John Grout, Junior,
Jonathan Grout,
Solomon Wilson,
Joseph Stowell,
Joseph Page,
William Page,
Nathaniel Page,
John Warden,
Silas Bennett,
Thomas Shattuck,
Benjamin Man,
Daniel Miles,
Thomas Rogers,
Ephraim Shattuck,
Silas Shattuck,
John Duman,
Nathaniel Smith,
Charles Howe,
Israel Hale,
Israel Hale, Junior,
Daniel Hale,
William Daggett,
Isaac Ball,
Solomon Fay,
Jotham Death,
John Sanders,
Elisha Crossby,
Luke Lincoln,
David Lawson,
Silas Rice,
Thomas Carter,
Ephraim Steans,
James Read,
Thomas Whitney,
Thomas Rice,
Daniel Searles,
Isaac Wood,
Nathaniel Richardson,
Ebenezer Blunt,
John Harriman,
Ephraim Noys,
Benjamin Sawyer,
John Sawyer,
John West,
Samuel Marble,
Joseph Marble,
Jonathan Houghton,
John Rogers,
Abner Holden,
Stanton Prentice,
Stephen Rines,

John Phelps,
William Read,
Benjamin Baxter,
Matthew Thornton, Esq.,
Andrew Wiggins, Esq.,
Mesheeh Weare, Esq.,
Maj. John Talford,
Hon. Joseph Newmarsh, Esq.,
Nathaniel Barrell, Esq.,
Daniel Warner, Esq.,
James Nevin, Esq.,
Rev. Mr. Joshua Wingate Weeks,
Benjamin Stevens.

His Excellency, Benning Wentworth, Esquire, a tract of land to contain five hundred acres as marked, B. W. in the plan, which is to be accounted two of the within shares. One whole share for the incorporated Society for the propagation of the Gospel in Foreign parts. One Share for a Glebe for the Church of England, as by law established. One share for the first settled Minister of the Gospel, and one share for the benefit of a school in said Town.

Province of New-Hampshire, July 6th, 1763. Recorded from the back of the original Charter of Lancaster, made under the Province Seal.

T. Atkinson, Jun., Secretary.

Plan of Town,

23040 Acres.

Province of New-Hampshire, July 6th, 1763. Recorded from the back of the original Charter of Lancaster, under the Province Seal.

T. Atkinson, Jun., Secretary.

This certifies that the within and the above is a true copy of the record. Attest,

J. Pearson, Secretary.

The President. This is a day of jubilee, and I propose to call for three cheers for the quaint old charter. My friend, the Chaplain, says it is all right, even in a meeting-house. Col. Kent will lead off in the cheers.

The audience responded to this call with three hearty cheers, which was followed by another song, entitled "Our Lancaster," written by Mrs. Mary B. C. Slade. (This song, also, was set to music by Mr. Emerson.)

The sturdy tree of Pilgrim stock
Its root had struck 'neath Plymouth Rock;
And sweet savannahs smiled to see
The coming of the Chivalry!
When, turning from the vales of ease,

On lowlands washed by sunny seas,
With heart of hope, a noble band,
Came toiling up our mountain land.

Through dark pine forests, North and West,
The warwhoop rushed across their rest,
While creeping up the eastern sky,
The British thunder-cloud drew nigh.
But Coös smiled, the meadows rang,
Sinoogannock sweet echoes sang;
And circling hills and placid wave
Their welcome and protection gave.

Here, loyal sons, your patriot sires
Enkindled Freedom's altar-fires;
The Fathers' watchword ours shall be,—
The Union, God, and Liberty!
Here grew they free and strong and brave,
Till fierce Oppression crossed the wave;
Ask storied battle-fields how, then,
For Freedom stood the mountain men!

The Aloe drinks the sun and rain,
Nor blooms her answer back again,
Till, lo! a flowery crown she wears,
The blossom of an hundred years.
The mountain winds, the valley's stream,
The winter's snow, the summer's gleam,
A hundred years have brought to her
To-day's bright bloom, our Lancaster!

Where, long ago, the Indian found
A resting place and hunting ground,
To beauty's pilgrims rest we lend,
Ere they to snow-capped heights ascend.
God of the Mountains! bless our home,
While through its paths to thee we come;
Till o'er its purpled heights we see
The White Hills of Eternity!

ADDRESS OF HON. DAVID H. MASON.

Ladies and Gentlemen: A hundred years ago, the last act in the drama of the French and Indian war had just closed. France and Spain had ceded all claimed rights to the possession of territory east of the Mississippi river, and England held undisturbed sway in the vast country, stretching from the Gulf to the Arctic sea, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific ocean.

The last great struggle of the native Indians to recover their hunting grounds was over. The brave Pontiac, with his five and twenty Indian tribes, scattered all along from the Shenandoah to the great lakes, and down the Ohio to the very banks of the Mississippi, over the mountains and through the prairies, had buried the tomahawk and the scalping-knife, and smoked the pipe of peace.

At the first dawn of security the indomitable sons of the Pilgrims plunged into the wilderness with their axes and their rifles, to plant new homes for themselves and their posterity.

On the 19th of April, A. D. 1764, Captain David Page, his son David Page, Jr., about 18 years of age, and Emmons Stockwell, with perhaps one or two others, having pushed up the Connecticut valley from Petersham, Massachusetts, through the town of Haverhill, reached the spot where we now are. They were charmed by the natural loveliness of this valley, and their fondest desires were gratified. Standing on yonder elevation, with those majestic mountains behind them, the unrivaled Pilot range on their right hand and the green hills on their left, with those bald sentinels guarding the passage before them, they gazed down into this paradise of meadows, with the meandering river, like a silver cord, running through them, all clothed in the fresh verdure of the opening Spring. What a heaven was here spread out before them! With hearts full of gratitude, they thanked the God of nature that his mysterious providence had guided them here.

They came on the 19th of April, a day since made sacred

in the nation's history; the day on which was shed the first blood of the Revolution on Lexington Green; the day on which flowed in the streets of Baltimore the first northern blood in the war of the Rebellion; the same day on which was founded the first Normal school in the new world, that crowning glory of our system of popular education. It was fortunate for our ancestors that they came to this valley, and that was a fortunate birth-day for our beautiful town.

The war for existence had passed; the war for principle was approaching. The North American Colonies had cost the mother country, at the close of the French war, nearly seven hundred millions of dollars. Her treasury was exhausted by the long and fierce struggle with the continental powers. In looking about for some way to restore the equilibrium between her magnificence and her means, she fell upon the plan to tax these colonies. The right to do this was indignantly denied. Her peerless statesman, the immortal Pitt, to whose genius and wisdom she owed the chief glories of the eighteenth century — the true friend of the colonies — was no longer in office, and the young king had called to his council men of moderate ability. The war of the Revolution followed.

At the period of its commencement, our town contained but eight families. None of its inhabitants joined the army; they were too few in numbers, too far from the strife, and were out of sight in the wilderness. Their families were exposed to the depredations of the savages, and in common with all the new settlements along our northern frontier, they suffered greatly from dangers and privations, through that long and bloody war. Their stern duties at home were paramount to all public considerations. They had, however, in many ways, their courage and their patriotism. The dauntless Stockwell was in one of the expeditions which went up for the invasion of Canada, during the French War. He was an orphan boy in his native town, bound out to service during his minority. In order to encourage enlistments and fill the ranks of our army, a regulation was made that indentured apprentices should be entitled to their freedom, if they would enlist in the public service. Stockwell, though a mere boy, possessed the

spirit of a man, and took advantage of the provision which gave him his liberty. On his return from this unfortunate expedition, with a few stragglers he came down the Connecticut river, and for the first time beheld the magnificent valley. Its attractions led him, a few years later, with those hardy pioneers, to choose it for his future home.

Some of the Revolutionary heroes settled in Lancaster after the close of the war. I remember very well Major Moses White, of Rutland, Mass. He was a true gentleman, of the old Revolutionary school. He had filled many high positions in the continental army with ability and honor, and was rewarded by a grant from the government, through General Hazen, of the Catbow tract of land in Lancaster, where he fixed his residence and passed the remainder of his life. He attained very great consideration in his adopted State, and was very widely and favorably known. Wherever his duty called him, he never lost his dignity or forgot the courtesies of life.

When our independence was acknowledged and peace was restored, our settlement began to increase in numbers. But the country no where prospered as was confidently expected. We had no national credit and no commerce to bring us trade. Though we were independent upon the land, England was still mistress upon the sea, and it soon became apparent if we would prosper as a nation, our flag must be respected and our commerce built up. The impressment of a few seamen was not of vast public importance, but the great principle that the flag of a nation shall protect its citizens on the land and sea, was of inestimable value; and for this, the second war with England was waged. Its triumph was complete; and we came out from that controversy with our honor vindicated and our rights established.

In this second national war, our citizens bore an important part. You all remember Major John W. Weeks. On the 5th day of July, A. D. 1814, by a brave and timely movement of his command, he turned the tide of victory at Chippewa. He was the Captain of the 1st Company, 11th Regiment of Infantry, and held the extreme right of our line. Having discovered the enemy advancing upon the centre with a heavy

column, he threw his command, by a quick movement, upon their flank, and delivered a destructive fire, which broke their ranks and hurled them back in a disastrous retreat, leaving their dead and wounded upon the field. He was promoted for his gallantry to the rank of Major. He came to this town in 1787, when only six years of age. He learned the trade of a house-joiner, and received his education from the scanty means the settlement afforded. He arose to various high positions in public life, and represented his district in Congress with credit, at a time in our history when to be in Congress was an honor, and men of the highest ability and character were chosen to the national councils. He was a man of strong and comprehensive mind, a great reader and close reasoner, whose opinions and judgment upon public questions were respected by our public men in the State and country.

By his side at Chippewa were other citizens of Lancaster. There was Alpheus Hutchins, of whose bravery and bearing I have often heard his commander speak in terms of great commendation. There was Benjamin Stephenson, also, who, now in a happy old age, is reaping the rich rewards of an honorable life.

Since the close of the second war, the prosperity of the town as well as of the country, for nearly fifty years, has been rapid and uninterrupted. The number of its voters and its material wealth have quadrupled, and to-day we find its hills and its valleys covered with handsome habitations and an industrious and a happy people. Would to God that the darkness which now hangs over our national prosperity would disappear, and reveal a future as propitious as the past!

We celebrate to-day the termination of the first century of municipal life. One centennial space is filled in the history of Lancaster. We have arrived at a point of time convenient for the measurement of our prosperity. Standing, therefore, as we do at the end of a century, we can look across the chasm that separates us from its beginning, and contrast the difference in the appearance and condition of our town. Forgetting intervening events, we will look into the first years of its settlement, and place what we see beside the developments of this day, and mark the progress and the change.

The charters for the towns of Lancaster and of Lunenburg, opposite to us, bear the same date, were granted on the same day, to the same person, by the same hand; and these names were given to us in memory of the two towns similarly situated, near the early homes of the first settlers in Massachusetts, and thus they sanctified their new homes by the fond recollection of those of their youth. The whole country was then a dense wilderness; not a highway had been constructed in or to our ancient town. The pioneer settlers found their way by marked trees through the woods. They drove before them some twenty head of cattle, with bags of salt, provisions and farming tools fastened on their horns. They erected their first camp on the Holton meadows, and cleared, the first spring, twelve acres of land on the old Stockwell place, which they planted with corn. It grew so luxuriantly that by the 25th of August it was twelve feet in height and full in the milk; but on the fatal night which succeeded, it was utterly destroyed by the early frost. Although our town is 800 feet above the sea, in this high latitude, and in the midst of lofty mountains, such a calamity has happened but three times in sixty years. Our persevering settlers, not discouraged by this disaster, cut their grass on the open lands on Beaver Brook, and thus kept their cattle through the winter, and were ready to renew the struggles of another year.

It was many years before any traveled public way was constructed. The nearest mill was perhaps at Plymouth, but the most accessible was at No. 4, in the town of Charlestown. From that place they brought their meal and grain, traveling on foot, on horseback, or upon the river in their bark and log canoes, which they paddled with wonderful skill; and many a joyous feast did our ancestors have from the rare luxury of brown bread and Indian pudding, the rewards of their perilous and arduous journeys. I can almost see the young Mrs. Stockwell preparing for some great occasion, sitting before her blazing wood fire, watching her baking bannock, which she had spread upon a huge chip, and set up between the great andirons; a style of cooking not quite obsolete in this ancient town twenty-five years ago.

The canoes were their only carriages, and were made with

their own hands from the trunks of the huge pines, or from bark peeled from their own trees. They were strong enough to be trusted on the deepest waters, and light enough to be carried upon their shoulders around the falls, or from pond to pond. The strong women rowed these same rude barks up and down these rivers, from settlement to settlement, from Stockwell's to Bucknam's, or whenever they went out to spend the afternoon, or on some errand of business. It will not be supposed that the settlers depended upon the food transported from Charlestown for their daily use. Their more common food was prepared by means contrived by themselves; our ancestors had no patent for their invention which stood for a mill. Have you never heard of the good old-fashioned "Thump?" Emmons Stockwell kept a huge mortar, which held about two bushels; into this they put their corn, beans, and rye; then they pounded it with a great wooden pestle, as none but them could pound. With this they mixed potatoes, well baked and peeled, and the varieties of vegetables their tastes might select, and the whole was baked together into magnificent thump. Seasoned with good appetites, it was found a delicious dish by the early inhabitants of our glorious old town.

The tables of these hardy pioneers had other dainties. The rivers and streams were full of fishes, and the forest of moose and game; and our ancestors of both sexes could use the rifle and the fishing-rod with astonishing skill. It is somewhat remarkable that no deer or wolves were found here till long after the country was first settled, and it is said there were no eels in the river till the extermination of the beaver. But the moose were abundant, and were most mercilessly slaughtered by the wicked hunters, for the mere pleasure of killing. One Nathan Caswell killed ninety-nine in a single season, and left most of them to decay in their native woods. All honor to those humane settlers who turned him out of their houses as a reward for this ignominious sport. I can never forgive those African and South American explorers for their wanton destruction of the noble beasts of the forests; nor can I understand how they can wish to couple the history of such exploits with that of their noble discoveries.

The first mill erected in our town was turned by horse power, and was but little better than the old Stockwell mortar. Major Jonas Wilder built the first grist and saw-mill. Major Wilder brought his large and very respectable family to Lancaster in 1780. He had acquired a little fortune, for those days, in his native State, and some few years before had purchased here a tract of land one mile square, which included the present burying-ground. In 1779, being chosen on a committee to select a public burying-ground, he presented this mound to the town, to be used for that purpose. He commenced to build the cellar of the Holton house on the famous dark day. The town meeting was held at his house in 1779, and he was chosen one of the selectmen, which was his earliest appearance on the official records of Lancaster. He was a very valuable accession to this settlement, and has left a record of his life of which his descendants may well be proud.

Governor Page, so called by way of distinction merely, never was a resident of Lancaster, though named in the charter. He was only a sort of director of the settlement, making frequent journeys to visit the new colony, and by his counsel and his services rendering them great aid in the management of their affairs. His daughter, Ruth Page, came here a spinster. On the night of the great frost, the 25th of August, 1764, she slept in the woods in Orford, on her way to Lancaster, where she arrived the last of that month. She came to cook the food and do the work for the little colony, then more than forty miles from their nearest neighbors. She was the first white woman who came to our town. The next year she married Emmons Stockwell, and began house-keeping on the old Stockwell place. She was then eighteen years of age, and he was twenty-three. They lived together more than fifty-five years, and had fifteen children—seven sons and eight daughters—all of whom grew to maturity; and in her old age, Mrs. Stockwell could call around her one hundred and ninety living descendants, three of whom yet survive—Ephraim, Emmons, and John Stockwell—whose combined ages are two hundred and forty-seven years. She died at the age of eighty-two; her husband at seventy-eight. David Stockwell, their oldest child, was the first son of Lancaster. After a

long and useful life, he perished a few years since in the conflagration of a portion of his dwelling.

Edwards Bucknam, a young follower of Governor Page, soon after married another of his daughters, and settled at the mouth of Beaver Brook, where for many years Mr. Benjamin Adams resided. A hunter, named Martin, caught vast numbers of beaver, which abounded in the stream running through these meadows. The ingenious hunter gave his name to the meadows, and the ingenious animals to the stream they occupied. Bucknam was an accomplished surveyor, a man of unbounded hospitality, and of great usefulness to the colony. He could "let blood," "draw teeth," and perform the marriage service, before the minister and doctor arrived. He did the business of the colony which required education. He laid out a large portion of the town, and many of the highways. At the beginning of the present century, there was a very good road leading up the river by his residence. In a few years, the settlers in that vicinity crept back from Martin's meadows, and cleared off the hills behind them. They all lived in log huts, quite rudely constructed, with roofs made of bark. They had no school, and what to them was an infinitely greater hardship, no place of worship. Bucknam had six children, from whom have descended the Moores, the Howes, the McIntires and Bucknams. His daughter Eunice, the first child of Lancaster, was born in 1767.

David Page, the son of the Governor, so called, came here with the first settlers, married his cousin, of Haverhill, and had thirteen children. The Page family were highly respectable. Any alliance with them was honorable. It was not so difficult for Stockwell and Bucknam, poor as they were, and lowly as their condition had been, to marry into high life. The young ladies, so elevated in society and beautiful in person, could have had no better overtures in this settlement, which the young gentlemen were emboldened to make and the young ladies to accept, because it was plainly the only change to which they seemed eligible.

Stockwell possessed prodigious strength, and was capable of great endurance. He could not read or write till he was taught by his accomplished wife. He had a firm and vigorous mind,

with a large share of common sense. In the days of the Revolution, he was the salvation of the colony. The hardships and dangers which surrounded them, the successive failure of their crops, the capture of two or three of the settlers by the hostile Indians, and the stormy future prospects of the country, shook the resolution of the settlers, and they met at Stockwell's house to discuss the abandonment of the town. The dauntless Stockwell declared, notwithstanding these things, "My family and I sha n't go." He had seen this valley in 1759, and was enamored with its loveliness. He had chosen it for his home, for the better or for the worse, and he knew no such thing as failure. A few families rallied around him, and the settlement was saved.

For many years there were no school-houses or schools. Mrs. Stockwell was a respectable scholar for those early days. She could read the psalter, and write and cypher very well, and in her own house taught the children of the settlers. She had wonderful general capacity, which supplied all the wants of this new colony. She was one of those remarkable persons who could do every thing that was necessary, and did every thing well.

In 1791, the inhabitants of Lancaster voted to build a meeting-house; and in town meeting chose, as a committee to locate and build it, Col. Edwards Bucknam, Col. Jonas Wilder, Capt. John Weeks, Lieut. Emmons Stockwell, Lieut. Joseph Brackett, Lieut. Dennis Stanley, and Capt. David Page. From the military titles of the committee, one would expect great dispatch in this work; but the structure was not completed for some years afterward. Taxes were assessed, payable in wheat, rye and corn, labor, and lumber at certain fixed prices, to aid in its construction. In 1794, the first town meeting was held in this meeting-house. Previous to this date, they met at private houses to transact their business, and, as their numbers increased, selected larger houses. Col. Wilder's splendid new mansion answered well till the meeting-house was ready.

There was no regular preaching of the gospel, and no settled minister, till the eighteenth of September, 1794, when the Rev. Joseph Willard was settled here as pastor over a church "gathered" in July previous, consisting of twenty-four per-

sons. He presided over the religious affairs of the town for 28 years. He had been in the continental army through the Revolutionary war. He had a noble, commanding presence, a firm and measured step, which he preserved through his life time. You may all thank God that in his providence he sent to the town of Lancaster such a man as Joseph Willard. He was a noble specimen of goodness and religious faith; was wise in counsel, learned in doctrine, and full of true charity and grace. All honor to the memory of the Rev. Joseph Willard.

The church was an imposing structure for those days. It was erected upon the plain, on the very brow of the hill just south of the village. It had a tower at each end, with two porches for entrance, and a broad entrance on the side. It had a high gallery, a lofty pulpit, crowned with a high sounding-board, and, what is yet more characteristic, the seats were all so arranged in the square pews that they could be raised during prayer, when the congregation stood up, and when the prayer was over would fall, one after another, with a horrible clatter. The old church has passed away, or rather been moved away, down the hill, dismantled of all its sacredness; and made into a house of merchandise, except the pleasant room which rejoices in the name of the Town Hall. Even its foundations have been dug away; not a vestige of the long flight of stairs now remains, and the places that knew it shall know it no more for ever. It will only live hereafter in the songs and chronicles of its exterminators.

It was many years after the first settlement of the town before school houses were erected. I think the church preceded the school house. It was some years before they built even framed huts with a single room. The Stockwell and Bucknam houses, of very moderate proportions, on the old homesteads, you will remember. The two first splendid mansions, as they then called them, were the famous Holton house and the old Wilson tavern, at the north end of the street. The latter, and the little red cottage on the opposite side of the street, below it, were the two first painted houses in Lancaster. I think a portion of the present Stockwell house and the Holton mansion are all that now remain of those very old structures.

The first town meeting which assembled in Lancaster was at the house of David Page, in 1769. Capt. Thomas Burnside was moderator; Edwards Bucknam was chosen clerk, to which office he was reëlected for twenty-one years. They chose five selectmen. Unfortunately, the dwelling-house of Mr. Bucknam was destroyed by fire in 1772, and with it perished the town records to that year. It is well known that Bucknam and Stockwell, Page, Wilder and Weeks, composed the town government for nearly thirty years. The salary of the "settled minister" was fixed at fifty pounds, one third of which was payable in cash and two thirds in produce. This was to increase as the inventory of the town increased, till it reached eighty pounds.

The first lawyer in Lancaster was Richard C. Everett. He was born in Providence, R. I., and was left an orphan early in life. He was at one time, during the Revolutionary war, a servant of General Washington. He came to Lancaster in October, 1787, and with two other hardy men cut out the road through the Notch for the purpose of transporting salt to upper Coos. He saved his earnings, and went through Dartmouth College; studied law in New-York and at Haverhill, in this State, and in 1793 began practice here. He rose to be district judge, and to a high position as a sound and honorable man, and has left a spotless character in the memory of men.

The first bridge erected was the old Stockwell bridge, across Israel's river, and the right to cross it first was put up at auction, and bid off by Emmons Stockwell for five gallons of brandy, which cost him forty-two shillings a gallon.

It was many years before any wheelwrights or wheels were found in Lancaster. The early settlers transported their merchandise upon two long poles, fastened together by a cross-piece. One end answered for shafts, to which the horse was attached, the other dragged upon the ground. It was similar in construction to the modern truck, without the wheels. There are many present who will remember the caravans of farmers who, every winter, carried their produce to the Portland market in sleighs, where they purchased their annual supply of luxuries for domestic use; and they will remember, too, their adventures and frolics, when, snow-bound on the

journey, they were compelled to wait, sometimes for days, till the fierce storms were over and the roads were passable.

I have thus given you, to-day, only the outlines of a picture of Lancaster a hundred years ago. The same heavens are indeed over our heads, the same mountains wall in the valley, and the same river winds gracefully through the meadows, but all else, how changed! It will not be thought invidious, on an occasion entirely our own, to say, in compliment to ourselves, that we may defy the world to produce a lovelier village, or more beautiful farms, or a better and happier people, than are found in our noble town; and with its natural scenery, embracing mountains and valleys, rivers and lakes, what spot is there on the earth of which we could feel prouder, and to which we could return with more delight? and how can we wonder, as the summer approaches, that men leave the great cities, their business and their homes, to look on this scenery, and breathe the air of these mountains, and drink their inspirations?

It may not be unprofitable to enter the chasm between the bounds of our century, and learn something of the causes of our municipal growth and success. We owe much, my friends, to the morality of our community. I am inclined to think that the theology of our early days was derived, in some measure, from the great Doctor Wheelright, who, banished from Massachusetts, settled in the vicinity of Exeter, and there led the religious development of our northern New-England. He was a little more tolerant and less bigoted than the full-blooded Puritan, but just as firm in his faith and unyielding in his opinions. They tried and *hung* the witches; he only *tried* them. He had a mantle of charity, small as it was; they had none *at all*, and gloried in their severity. I am inclined to believe that we have enjoyed a softer persecution between religious sects, a more tolerant theology, for which we are indebted to this gifted preacher.

We owe much to the richness of our soil. The first settlers of this town regarded the productions of their meadows in their earliest cultivation as wonderful. The grass grew so luxuriantly that rakes were in disuse, and the pitchfork was only needed to gather up the enormous crops. All kinds of

vegetation, when the spring was open, came forward with such rapidity, and with such a wealth of verdure, as they had never known before; and if a market were lying at your doors, to stimulate the use of modern applications to bring forward vegetation early, your meadows would now find no rivals in their productiveness and value.

We owe much to natural scenery; and in this connection I will only say, that the early settlers had a quick eye for the beautiful. I can not help thinking that one of our oldest inhabitants — Mr. Edward Spaulding, a descendant of the famous Mrs. Dustin — who was brought here, when a mere child, in his mother's arms, afterward fixed his residence on the spot where he lived and wherehe died, because of the exceedingly lovely landscape there spread out before him; and there is not a single spot in our beautiful town which exceeds in beauty that where Spaulding lived. He was a noble and generous man, too good ever to be unkind. He has gone to his repose, and left an honored memory.

I need not apologize for the distinction in saying to you now, that I believe we are largely indebted to the energy and principle, the faith and the works of Stockwell and Bucknam, for the prosperity and real value of our ancient town. They were good, and, in their way, great men. In our country, great and manly qualities are found in every class and condition of men. Extreme wealth and extreme poverty furnish most of the profligacy and licentiousness of society. Its chief strength, health and vigor are derived from the great middle classes, which represent the labor and the sound judgment of the country. I have often heard it said that the race of great men is dying out in our land. This is not the fact; but great ability seeks now the avenues of trade, commerce and agriculture, because they yield a better reward than statesmanship, or the professions, and men of second-rate ability, with more cunning than wisdom, have been permitted to stand in the places of the giants of former years. You will recognize in the names of the descendants of these pioneers the large part they have borne in our material wealth and prosperity. How large a portion of our population can look back with distinguished pleasure to these, their worthy ancestors! Almost

all of their descendants have settled among us. They have falsified the truth of history, which declares that a stock of virtue in a family will run out in three generations; for the great qualities of these first settlers have come down through their children to this day unimpaired. All honor to the names of those noble pioneers; and to the memory of that brave and noble-hearted woman, who, at that tender age, came through the wilderness to aid the infant settlement, and nursed it for more than three-score years into life and prosperity, and left such a long list of mourning descendants, we pay our grateful homage.

We owe much of our prosperity to the little academy standing there by the grave-yard, in its new dress to-day, which I have never seen before. It shows that it is prosperous, and that the old ancestral fires have not yet gone out. I tell you, seriously, that the education found within its walls for the past thirty years, for all the practical uses of life, has been not much inferior to that of our colleges; and in proof of what I say, I adduce the history and success of its numerous graduates, both men and women, to show how well, in practice and in fact, they have stood beside those who received their education in our great schools and universities. Having received here the best instruction in elementary studies, the student has gone out into the world as well prepared for the struggles of life, and to advance alone in the higher walks of attainment, as is commonly the case where they have pursued a regular course of college education. Our students have studied here in maturer life, with firmer health and better constitutions. They have taken in and appropriated what they have learned. It has formed their characters and given shape and vigor to their minds. I know it may be said they are deficient in higher literary culture, which gives a finish to education. I grant this; but they have here gained the strength and will to climb alone to higher and more rugged ways in after life, and through their lives, than any mere refinement of schools or colleges could give them. I do not, by this, mean to give any preference for the mere culture of earlier days, or to reflect upon that of our own; but I do mean to say that the times and ways of business have pressed upon us the

necessity of educating our youths at too early an age, and that elementary studies are too much neglected; so that we lose more in strength than we gain in advantages. I wish we might retain the great virtues of earlier times, to be added to the improvements of more modern systems; and if our children do enter upon active life later, they will have more character and strength for the duties and perils that await them. Of what benefit is study, if the knowledge we get is not our own, and does not in some way enter into the character of the man? The little particles of matter absorbed by the roots, ascend through the body to the limbs and leaves, and when purified and prepared, become a part of the great tree, with its mighty trunk, its broad branches and rich foliage. And so is the growth of character from the particles of knowledge, experience and truth, which, under the blessing of Almighty God, are gathered up in life.

My friends, I have thus imperfectly sketched the settlement and condition of this ancient town. This is a day of jubilee. We welcome home her children. The citizens of the town have opened their houses and their hearts, and bid you welcome. You can here see the old familiar faces you left behind you, the pictures on the walls, the old curtains by the windows, the crockery on the table. They will recall to your minds pleasant reminiscences of your earlier days; they will fill the canvas of memory with images of the past; they will speak to you of childhood, and you will live over again, in a few brief hours, childhood's happy days. In yonder mound, formed by the hand of nature for a country church-yard, repose the ashes of our fathers; and the green turf of the new-made graves tells us of some fresher griefs. Sadness and joy, sorrow and gladness, are strangely commingled in a day like this. But such is the lesson of life; its little history is filled with events of which the experience of this day is but a brief epitome. When we again leave these homes of childhood, may we go with fresh strength and firmer wills to the performance of all the duties of life; and as generation after generation shall come and go in future centuries, may the virtues of our ancestors never be forgotten, and may peace and prosperity for ever dwell in this lovely valley!

The President. I see here to-day a gifted son of Lancaster. I refer to Hon. Edward D. Holton, of Wisconsin. The audience are waiting to hear him.

ADDRESS OF MR. HOLTON.

Mr. Chairman, and Ladies and Gentlemen:

The first thing I desire to do here to-day (although it was not upon my programme when I left home), is to thank King George the Third. I never heard the magnificent charter of this old town read before, and I come here to thank that good old king, — we called him "good" in those days, though we did not like him a few years after, and had a good round turn with him, — I come here to thank him that, among other things, he laid down grand laws for the government of this town. How wise was that provision which granted a tract of land for the support of the ministry! Parson Willard enjoyed the benefits of that provision up there on his farm; and the benefits were mutual. Although the Puritans differed from him in some matters, yet there was the grand, magnificent fact, — a gospel for man; the great foundation principle of man's progress and welfare.

Mr. Chairman, the grand tribute which you have just paid to the memory of Stockwell, and Page, and Bucknam, most thoroughly agrees with all that I have heard of those noble men. There were other men, it seems, who came to Lancaster with them; but it remained for Stockwell, particularly, as the learned orator has told us, to stay the infant settlement. I am told that, the first year, the corn grew well for a time, and the people, who had lived upon suckers and clams taken out of the river, were looking with hope and confidence to the little patches of corn in the meadows; but the frost came in August and killed it all, and with it destroyed all their hopes. Several of those men then said: "It is no use to live in this country. Here are beautiful meadows and streams, to be sure; the aspects of nature are grand; but food man must have; and here, right in the midst of summer, it is all cut off, and we can not live here; we must leave you." Stockwell said: "I shall not go back, and I beg you not to go back." "We must go back." "Well, I shall stand here. I will go into the

woods and kill the wild beasts in winter. I will stand here on the spot." And stand he did.

Mr. Chairman, it is a blessed thing, growing out of our English character, this love of home, — this grand old Saxon idea of home. When I got your message, bidding me come here from a thousand miles away, I was so circumstanced that it was exceedingly difficult for me to leave. But I remembered my early home; I remembered that here was the place of my birth; and though I had traveled far, and seen many flourishing communities, and been cognizant of numerous settlements that had sprung from the wilderness, as Lancaster did, still none of these had taken the place of that loved home; and though I got off from a sick bed, my heart bounded with joy when I turned my face homeward. When I got to Chicago I met Jim, and Nat, and Selden (three of the White brothers), and as we rode along we talked, and laughed, and joked, and were like boys again. What a ride was that! When we went out we had to journey a thousand miles, through a country much of it occupied by savages; we had to walk or ride on horseback a great part of the way; and now, on our return, we came careering on twenty-five miles an hour, so that in fifty hours we spanned the thousand miles between our far western homes, and this, our natal spot.

As we were riding along in Canada, a gentleman who sat behind me called my attention to a range of mountains across the magnificent St. Lawrence, and said: "Those mountains look splendidly. Do you know whether they are in New-York or in Vermont?" "Well," said I, "I don't think we have got down to the Vermont line yet; I think they must be in New-York." "Well," said he, "they look good to me. I have n't seen any mountains for ten years. I was born among the mountains." "Ah! where were you born?" "I was born in New-Hampshire." "What town in New-Hampshire?" (I always claim kindred with New-Hampshire people wherever I meet them. I claim them as cousins, and generally kiss the women — feeling at liberty to do that.)

The President. I warn my friend not to come *cousining* down to Boston in his way. (Laughter.)

Mr. Holton (resuming) — "Well," said he, "I was born in

Lancaster." "Indeed! that is my native town, sir. Pray tell me your name." "My name is Derby." "Indeed! you are a descendant of Isaac Derby." "Yes," said he, "my father was Andrew Derby." "Indeed! and your mother was Mary Greenleaf?" "Yes." "Ah! I went to school to your mother, Mary Greenleaf. Where do you live?" "At Cedar Rapids, Iowa." "What is your business?" "I am a merchant there; I sell books." He had made his way through the States, as hundreds of others have done, as a schoolmaster, and finally found himself located in that magnificent country, the most beautiful that human eyes ever rested upon — the valley of the Cedar river — and has carried out there, from the old hearth-stone, the fires that shall now be planted by him, in his turn, in that new country. He said there was another Lancaster boy on the train, and presently he brought him along, and introduced him as a Chesman boy. Thus we met, children of this good old town, and recalled the pleasant memories of by-gone times.

I do not know that I am right, but it has always seemed to me that Lancaster was a better town than Percey (formerly Stark), or Guildhall, (I hope our friends from those towns will pardon me) and I have often reflected what it was that thus distinguished my native town. I believe all that the learned orator has said in regard to the influence of Lancaster to be true; but what are the causes that have produced this influence? It will be profitable for us to consider that question as we meet here to-day. He has said that Mrs. Stockwell was the mother of fifteen children, and counted, before her death, one hundred and ninety descendants. Why did you not clap your hands when he made that statement? There is not so honorable a person in the world as she who gives human life. Stockwell, and David Greenleaf, who had twenty-one children, ought to have monuments to their memory.

The President. Their children are their monuments. "These are their jewels."

Mr. Holton continued — What are the principles that produced these results? Mrs. Stockwell was a model woman. She not only read the Psalter, as the orator has told you, but,

in the absence of a settled minister, she drew the people around her, in her own house, to hear that great principle which stands first related to human welfare, namely, obedience to God.

But it is not alone of those early people, of whom I know nothing except from hearsay, that I would speak. I come down to people within my own memory — a goodly company. I remember Parson Willard well. So stately was he, so august his manner, so magnificent his bearing, that we boys were rather afraid of him. I recollect that I used to run across the street when I saw him coming. But that fear did not keep us quiet in meeting, and sometimes we received a pointed rebuke from the pulpit, or the deacon came up into the gallery to pinch our ears. (Laughter.) But who shall measure the influence and power of such a man? He stamped his influence upon all who came around him. Every man and woman — even those who did not go to his church — felt it. Nor was he the only man who exerted an abiding influence for good. I well remember when other good men came here. I came back in the days when Rev. Mr. Peck was here, and other men of the same class. And what a power were those men in this community, even in the last half of this century — Peck, and Hilburn, and Orange Scott, and Wheelock! And, by the way, Mr. Wheelock lives out in Wisconsin now, nearly ninety years of age; and an efficient man he has been for twenty-five years in every good and noble work in that State. I have met him often in conventions that have had for their object the promotion of the moral and religious welfare of the community. We have had energetic men in Lancaster and in this neighborhood. The successors of those early settlers, Bucknam and Stockwell, were men of power. Here, too, were the Weekses, and old Major White, (my friend has done no more than justice to that glorious man) and old Colonel Wilson. These were sterling men; these were men of force and power, and they have left their mark upon the town.

Then there has been a class of educated men among us. I have often reflected upon that. At the upper end of the street, when I was here, there was Pearson, there was Farrar, there was a lawyer by the name of Sheafe, a very accom-

plished man. These were men of mark; these were men who made their influence felt in this community. Beside these, there was A. N. Brackett, a modest, unassuming man, not a man of education — self-made, almost entirely. My mother, who relied upon him for counsel in times of adversity, used to send me down to his house, and I always found him reading or studying. I heard him deliver one or two orations here. I remember him as a man of great philanthropy, eminently just and patriotic, and a good man in the community. What a man of power was John W. Weeks! I remember meeting him on one occasion, and he laid his hand on my head and said — "Young man, you are one of Mrs. Holton's sons, ar n't you?" "Yes, sir." "What are you going to do?" "I do n't know; I shall dig my way along, I suppose." "Why do n't you go West? If I had ten boys, I would spank every one of them if they did n't go West." [Laughter.] That was a blunt remark; but he was a steady, thoughtful, and cautious man. Edward Spaulding has been alluded to. I remember him as a most excellent man. Then there was William Lovejoy, a neighbor of ours. My recollection of him is of the most satisfactory kind. He used frequently to come, with his basket in his hand, and saddle-bag of tools on his back, to his day's work as carpenter and joiner. I have seen him many times wheeling his bushel of corn down to the mill to be ground. I recollect him as a man of singular beauty and dignity of character. How did virtue stand out in his life, and how is it seen streaming along down through a goodly family! I want to say, once more, that the lives of such men fill the world with goodness. Well have I known some members of this family. I wanted, above all things, to see John Lovejoy here to-day, and exceedingly regret that I can not.

Now, how has it been with those sons of Lancaster who have gone out from this valley to try their future in other parts of the land? So far as I can reckon them up — and I have endeavored to keep an eye on a few of them — they have done tolerably well. Perhaps I may be permitted to say — leaving the two speakers on this occasion out — that, so far as I know, none of them have gone to the State Prison,

(laughter,) none of them have dishonored their town. On the other hand, many of our Lancaster men have ornamented the various walks of life. If you want to buy any sugar, go to Portland, and buy of Mr. Brown. If you want to buy any clothing, you will find the White boys, at Chicago, fair dealers. If you want any scales, go to St. Johnsbury, and buy of Baker, Bingham & Porter. Those St. Johnsbury scales have a great reputation; there is not a merchant on the continent who would think he could get along without them, and I believe there are no better scales in the world; but I think they would have failed without our Lancaster boys, Oliver Baker, Chandler Porter, and Mr. Bingham. Then we have a distinguished representative of Lancaster on the bench, in the person of Judge Woodruff; so, if you have suits to be tried, try them before him. If you want a lawyer, go to Oregon and get Farrar; but be sure you get him here before your suit comes on! (Laughter.)

Mr. Chairman, the hours are rapidly passing away. I shall not trespass much longer upon your patience. There is a long list of names that I have run over in my mind, as those of men particularly worthy of mention on an occasion like this; but, in the hasty remarks that I have made, many of them have slipped from my memory. These men deserve to be remembered and honored, for they laid broad and deep the foundations of public and private virtue in this town, without which the welfare of no community can be secured. Let every man, and especially these young men, understand this, that in this day of our country's peril and our country's need, when there is accumulating upon us such a burden of debt, private virtue is the only thing that will shield us in these trying hours. It is the virtue of the individual men and women who have lived within her borders that has shielded Lancaster in the past; it is that which has brought us together here, and made us joyful beyond measure in the greetings of this Centennial day.

Let me say, in conclusion, that I come home with increasing love for my native town. And let me exhort you to stand by the principles of your fathers. I shall go back to the West feeling more and more the importance of those princi-

ples, and feeling called upon to gird myself up, so long as I live, to maintain those principles, and help to lay the same foundations that our fathers laid.

There is one other matter to which I wish to refer. You, sir, alluded to our first Preceptor, Mr. Wilson. I also want to thank him. They used to thrash us most tremendously, those old school-masters. No doubt the boys and girls needed considerable whipping, but they pounded us most unmercifully. When Mr. Wilson came here, he turned over a new leaf. He said, "You are gentlemen, and fine fellows." That pleased us amazingly. We accepted his word, and he never had occasion to whip any of us, I think. I want to say that I owe a great deal to Mr. Wilson for the noble reformation that he made in this respect. He first taught our school here in the old school-house, and then assumed the charge of the academy. I had the pleasure of attending just one term at the school and then one term at the academy; and I never gained in my life, from any one mind, so much benefit as I derived from that gentleman's instruction in those few brief months. I have always attributed much of my success in life to the excellent ideas and excellent spirit which he inculcated. Be careful, you that are engaged in teaching, how you deal with young minds. Learn from him to deal gently, kindly with them. To lead is better than to drive. We are all able to speak of the excellence of that school, which has existed now the major part of half a century.

My friends, this is indeed a joyous day. You, sir, spoke of the beauty of our town. I come back to testify to the same thing. I have had an opportunity to look over this country quite extensively, and I can say that you enjoy one of the most favored spots that are to be found in this whole land. So far as healthfulness of climate, soil and temperature, and the other great elements that go to make up the prosperity of any country are concerned, I should scarcely know where to go rather than to this very locality. In 1862, I had occasion to travel through New-England, when the land was suffering severely from drouth, and as I approached Portland there were a thousand acres on fire; the roots of the grass were being burned up; all that region was as barren as a desert. I

came to Lancaster, and this beautiful valley was green as the garden of Paradise. It is so to-day. All through the West we are suffering from a severe drouth. The farmers are not expecting to get half a crop. Wisconsin, Iowa, Ohio, are suffering dreadfully. But everything here is green and beautiful; and, take it year by year, I do not know where you could go to better your fortunes. Not but that you can find magnificent openings in the West; but the man who has got a good home, let him not sell out that home because he expects to find a better. He may find a better one in some respects; but I tell you, look far and long before you part with these green fields and these magnificent slopes, because of any hearsay story of better lands.

Mr. Chairman, I have trespassed too long upon your patience. We shall not meet at Lancaster again, at the end of another century. Time, with many of us, flies quickly. Let us act well our part, upon the principles that have been suggested, and whether we meet here again or not, all is well.

The President. My honorable friend has not trespassed upon our patience. I would beg leave, however, to make a simple correction of one of his remarks. When he spoke of the Lancaster boys who had not been to the State Prison, he excepted himself and excepted me. I desire to relieve him from excepting me. He shall enjoy that distinguished honor alone. (Laughter.)

Another piece of music was then performed by the band, after which the procession was reformed and marched to the field a short distance south of the church, where a rustic bower of evergreens and maples, covering two thirds of an acre, had been constructed, affording a pleasant and grateful shade. In this bower tables had been spread for two thousand five hundred people, and were abundantly supplied with substantial and attractive viands, to which the large company, filling the capacious bower, did full justice. Prayer was offered by Rev. Mr. Fay, of the Congregational church, and then a half hour or more was spent in discussing the bountiful repast, which was served by a committee of ladies, who de-

voted themselves assiduously and untiringly to the comfort of their guests. The wants of the physical nature having been satisfied, the President called the company to order.

The President. The ladies are requested, as far as possible, to be seated. For the first time in all the world some of them are obstructions. (Laughter.) I am not aware of any way by which we can contrive to be heard, unless the audience remain silent.

We have a few gentlemen present, whose names are prominent in our minds, and we shall desire to hear from them, for they must have something to say. Having occupied your attention so long this morning, I will not preface the exercises here with any remarks of my own. I therefore call upon the Marshal for the first regular toast.

Col. Kent. In the absence of the toast-master, (Jacob Benton, Esq.) various toasts, sentiments and letters have been committed to my care. I will read them, prefacing the reading, however, by saying that I have been so occupied in completing the other arrangements for this celebration, that I have had but very little time to arrange or systematize them, and consequently they must be received with indulgence.

The Officers and Soldiers present. Amid the quiet scenes of peace, we by no means forget the services of those brave men who have dared the dangers of battle to secure us in the peaceful enjoyment of scenes like the present. The citizen soldier of the American Republic, who does his whole duty, bravely, quietly and unflinchingly, has a claim upon the respect and support of the people which they in their turn are always ready to manifest. It is with peculiar pleasure that we witness these men, representatives of other of our brave boys now in the field, with us to-day.

The President. We have scarcely referred to-day to the military spirit of our ancient town, and yet I think it may be remembered with pride. There occur to me at this moment the names of many of our citizens who have done noble service for their country; and I desire to read a little notice, which I find in the Brooklyn (N. Y.) *Union*, of the services of a gallant gentleman whom I see before me.

"In front of Petersburg,
Thursday, June 23.

The time of the Sixty-seventh New-York Volunteers — better known as the First Long Island Regiment — having expired, they left for home yesterday. This regiment was one of the first three years regiments mustered into the service, and has participated in nearly every battle of the war. Leaving Fort Schuyler in June, 1861, for Fort Hamilton, it was shortly afterward sent to Queen's Farm, near Washington, where it was placed in the brigade in which it has ever since remained. The first campaign participated in was the celebrated one made to Manassas, by McClellan, when our troops discovered plenty of wooden guns, but no enemy. The regiment next took part in the Peninsula campaign, and was one of the first to land at Old Point. It was actively engaged at Yorktown, Williamsburg, Seven Pines, and Fair Oaks (at the latter fight losing 185 men); then in the seven days' battle, Chantilly, Antietam, Williamsport, and subsequently, under Burnside, at Fredericksburg. At second Fredericksburg, it stormed Mary's Height and Salem Height, when they were compelled to recross at Banks' Ford, the First Long Island, with eight other regiments, under command of Col. Cross, covering the movement. Was with the Sixth, when that corps crossed the Rappahannock, as Lee moved on with the rebel army to Pennsylvania, and subsequently was engaged two days at Gettysburg. When Gen. Newton took command of the First Corps, the Sixth was near Westminster, and marched thirty-six miles between 9 o'clock P. M. and 4 A. M., and went into the fight under Gen. Sykes, just in time to render important service. After the affairs at Rappahannock Station and Mine Run, the regiment was sent to Johnson's Island to guard prisoners, and last April was again sent to the front, and rejoined the Fourth Brigade, First Division, Sixth Corps, and has participated in nearly every battle of the present campaign, in the Wilderness losing 123 out of 270 men. In the Wilderness, Col. Cross assumed command of the brigade, after Gen. Shaler had been taken prisoner. At Spottsylvania, the colors were pierced in twenty-three places by bullets, and the flag-staff was shattered and the color-bearer killed."

That is a truthful description of the noble part taken by Col. Cross in the present war. It speaks for itself. I have read it because it is a record so honorable. He has been in every fight; he has done his duty faithfully, and comes here to-day, having passed unharmed through every danger. I now beg leave to call upon Colonel Cross, 67th N. Y. Reg., for a few remarks.

SPEECH OF COL. NELSON CROSS.

Men and Women of Lancaster: I heard of your celebration in the army, some weeks before my time expired. I was then so circumstanced that I thought it doubtful, in more than one view, whether I should be able to be with you to-day. I thought your celebration was to be on the 12th, and I took the evening cars on the 11th, determined to be here at the close of the exercises, if I could not before. But on my way I met some friends on their route, who informed me that it was to be on the 14th, and that I was still in time. I was glad to know it. I wished to be here, to meet my old friends, and to witness that reunion of Lancaster people which I knew would be so productive of pleasure to us all. I wished to come simply to mingle with you as one of your citizens, not to take an active part; and when I was asked to address you here, I rather declined. I wished to be a simple looker-on. I never felt less like speaking than I do to-day. This coming together of old friends — this thronging upon me of old memories, the dearest of my life; this standing amidst the old scenes of my boyhood, is too much for me. It utterly unmans me, and unfits me to address you as I should.

My career in the army has been alluded to. It is true I have been in the army for three years. I went there, not because I had been bred to the profession of arms, not because I had any liking for that profession, for I had not, but because I saw the country in danger, and I felt that the great danger arose from the fact that we were not a military nation. We had become one of the greatest commercial nations on the face of the earth; we had become a great agricultural people; but we had devoted less time and money to military training, to preparing ourselves for human butchery, than any other nation in existence; and I felt, as a citizen, called on to go forth to the field, and I gave up all and went. I spent some time in organizing a regiment in Brooklyn, New York, where I happened to be living, raising and organizing it in opposition to some of the leading politicians of the place; but when I called upon the General Government to accept it, they thought they did not want it; they thought they had enough;

seventy-five thousand men, they thought, were more than sufficient to crush out this rebellion. Finally, however, they were prevailed upon to take us. On the 20th of June, 1861, we were mustered into the service, and from that time to this we have participated in the campaigns of the army of the Potomac. Further than this, for myself, I cannot say. We have done our duty. We have gone wherever we have been sent; we have stayed wherever we have been put. I brought home but the fragment of a regiment. That is the saddest part of it all. The soil of Virginia has been made sacred in this war as it was never made before. Among you, how many there are who have cause to mourn the loss of some relative or friend, who has been left on the field, or here, on yonder sacred hill, sleeps among his dearest friends, whose career has been cut short by this terrible war, which, I fear, is not yet near its end! I have this to say for the citizen soldiers, however, as a general remark. No better soldiers ever lived, no braver men ever went forth to battle, than the men who have been sent forth by your State and by other States, — men who, from the counting-house and the plough, all unskilled in the art of war, sprang to arms when their country was threatened, and went forth, as I said before, to the field. They have done all that is vested in human power to do; they have combatted an enemy as fearless, as determined, as persistent, as ever an enemy was, and have failed to overcome him, simply because they have met him — as a general thing — at great disadvantage, and frequently, too frequently, with overpowering numbers opposed to them. During the last campaign, we attacked him in his fortified positions, and everywhere we found him ready to receive us, and in force equal to our own. You wonder, perhaps, why Richmond has not been taken. If you had been with me, if you had passed through the scenes I have passed through, you would know why Richmond has not been taken, and you would know that you have got more to do at home before Richmond can be taken. You must make further sacrifices; more men must go forth to battle. I would it were not so. But let us rest where the old Roman rested, on whose sword was inscribed, "Draw me not without cause; sheath me not

without redress" — on patriotism and valor. You have drawn the sword in the most sacred cause in which man was ever engaged — the preservation of your liberties. I beg you not to sheath that sword until the work is accomplished; until the power of the rebellion is crushed, and the country is restored to peace.

I hope you do not think I am making a political speech. I am no partisan; I have given up party, and I know but one principle, and that is, to stand by the country at all times, at all hazards, and under all circumstances. (Applause). When the chairman told me I was to say something to-day, I felt as I have told you — utterly unprepared to give voice to the feelings that crowd upon my soul. I feel so now. Instead of offering a sentiment to call up some one individual, I will conclude with a sentiment which addresses itself to all, which I have prepared since I was invited to speak, and you will excuse me from saying more now. I would say, however, that there is no individual among you who experiences a higher pleasure or a sincerer gratitude to God that he is permitted to mingle with you to-day than I do. A few years ago, in Milwaukee, I met the gentleman who has addressed you (Mr. Holton), and we had some conversation in regard to a reunion of Lancaster people; but the war broke out soon after that, and these things were forgotten. But in spite of the war, you determined to bring about such a reunion, and I rejoice that you have been so successful in drawing together Lancaster people from all parts of the country, and have given occasion to every one to rejoice in the embrace of old friends.

Once again the blooming valley
  Offers up its grateful charms,
And the circling hills securely
  Fold you in their shielding arms.

Lo, the mountains! famous ever
  In the architectural plan,—
Thus it is that God, the Father,
  Here reveals himself to man.

In these wondrous works behold him,
  See his image, hear his voice,

Who hath made the hills to blossom,
And the mountains to rejoice.

Reared within these classic borders,
Edged and tempered for the strife,
Ye have probed the world's disorders,
Leading men to better life.

Art and science, manifestations
Of the Infinite and True,
Ye have spread among the nations,
Foremost where there's work to do.

Bring your laurel branches hither,
Lay them on the altar's hearth;
They will keep your memory greener
In the land that gave you birth.

The second regular toast was then read, as follows:

The Day we celebrate. From the shadowy past throngs of those who have left forever their earthly home seem hovering near, as we celebrate the centennial of the town made pleasant and rich by their labor. We welcome to-day, beneath the hills and among the streams of their youth, those who have labored in other fields, but who retain children's regard for their early home. Nerved by the duty of the present, and encouraged by memories of the past, may this day prove as a white stone among the years of our lives, and serve, by its associations, to bind more closely together the hearts and sympathies of all who have ever called Lancaster their home.

The President. Some years ago, I happened to be traveling through the western country, and came to the city of Milwaukee. It presented a New-England appearance. I always find that I can trace New-England people by the New-England houses and scenes around them. Take a New-England man and cast him into the wilderness, and he will sow, as far as he can reach, New-England principles and habits. On inquiry, I found in that city a New-England man, whom they told me was one of the fathers of the place; having lived through its entire history. I remember that only thirty years ago Wisconsin was made a territory, and it has been a State but fifteen years. I find that it is six times as large

as the State of New-Hampshire, and has 150,000 children in the public schools. Who could stand with such prosperity? Who could lead and direct it; who create it? Well, my friends, I will show you the man who contributed to it largely; one of my old schoolmates, Edward D. Holton. And now, if he is here, I would like to know what he has to say about Wisconsin. There was one thing more that I saw in Milwaukee. I went down to the market, and found there a cart load of salmon-trout floundering about, that had not been out of the lake, apparently, more than half an hour. They were as large as calves! [Loud laughter]. It is the greatest country I ever saw, out there; and Milwaukee is one of the greatest places; and this gentleman [Hon. Edward D. Holton] is one of the greatest men in that place. (Renewed merriment.)

SPEECH OF HON. E. D. HOLTON.

I wonder if there is any Justice of the Peace here? I want to have this young man indicted. [Laughter]. He has dealt most profusely in broad statements, which I think ought to expose him to a great deal of censure. I think he is indictable, though I am not much of a lawyer. Now about those salmon, big as calves! That is a big story. Old Billy Ingerson never saw as big salmon as that in the Connecticut, in all his life, although he saw awful big salmon, as well as big bears. (Laughter).

I heard the name of Milwaukee, the city where I have the honor to live, mentioned by our excellent and esteemed President. Well, friends, it has been my fortune to see what, perhaps, falls to the lot of but few persons of my age to see. I have witnessed every brick raised in that city of now sixty thousand inhabitants. When I went to Milwaukee it was a hamlet, and there was but a single brick house — a one-story building. Now it is literally a city of bricks. One of the peculiarities of the town is, that there is an extraordinary deposit of clay, that makes a yellow or cream-colored brick. Those bricks are found all over the country. There is scarcely a city in the United States that has not now some handsome structure, built of those bricks. They make a peculiarly

handsome material for building. Milwaukee is a cream-colored city — the natural color of the bricks. Very superior bricks are these; they are equal to marble for endurance. It has been my privilege, also, to see that people grow. I have seen the people come trooping in until the State has reached a population of a million. Many of these people are Germans. I have seen a great deal of the Germans, and I have come to love them very much. At least twenty or twenty-five thousand of the inhabitants of Milwaukee are Germans. They are a noble people. They have some peculiarities. They are very fond of lager beer, and deal in it almost everywhere; but now and then a Yankee likes a little lager. But still, they are a most industrious, law-abiding people, and a people of great productive power. To illustrate the stability of the Germans, I will mention that I took a lad, twelve years old, from the street, who was indentured to me, in the old fashioned way, for six or seven years. That was in 1842, twenty-five years ago; and that boy has remained with me from that time to this — that is, in the different stations I have occupied. He is now a bookkeeper in one of the banks, to which I introduced him, having brought him up to that business. This steadiness and tenacity in business are what we need, and we shall borrow them from the German character.

Another characteristic of the German is his love for home. Any Yankee will go to work and fix up a farm, and then sell it right out, without even asking permission of his wife, if he can get his price. Not so with the Germans, Mr. Chairman. I can take you to many a German who would not sell you his farm if you covered it with gold. It is worth twenty dollars an acre, perhaps. You say to him, "I will give you twenty-one." "No." "I will give you twenty-two." "No." "I will give you twenty-five." "No; you can't buy it at all." "Why not?" "It is my house — my home." Well, this stability of character, united with the characteristics of our people, is really going to improve us. A good cross is an advantage. That boy to whom I have referred is now a young man, and is worth $25,000, which he has accumulated by little savings. I want to call the attention of young American men to this element of the German character — steadi-

ness, perseverance and economy. It is an element which we need to incorporate into the American character. So in Milwaukee, I congratulate myself at the new type of character that the German population will bring among us. They are peculiar in some things, as I said before. They have departed from the old faith of Luther, to a considerable extent. They are a little degenerate in the matter of theology, but that we hope to remedy. Our schools are open; the New-England element comes in, and we hope to gather up all the children to meet together in our common schools. We hope to keep ourselves well up with the times in that regard. We have now nine school-houses, three stories high, which have cost from fifteen to forty thousand dollars apiece. I know of no public buildings around there that are so handsome and elegant as they are. Into those schools we introduce the best talent that can be got, as teachers. Our common schools will carry the young man or the young maiden up to the languages, and perfect them in every thing they need. And we are spreading this education broadcast, as you do, to all those German, and Irish, and Scotch, and Welch, that come among us; and thus we will produce a homogeneous population, that shall spead out, and produce, we hope, a higher order of character than we have yet seen on the continent, in that valley of the Mississippi. God, we trust, will bless the efforts that are being put forth, not only by Milwaukee, but by other cities and towns in the West. The great city of Chicago might be instanced, in a far grander sense than Milwaukee, for they have done nobler and better in all those matters that stand related to the highest welfare of the community. By applying these instrumentalities we hope finally to prepare a population that shall be, with you here, a sheet-anchor, that shall hold the nation against any force that may be brought against it.

The President. This is an occasion when the forms of men rise up before us swifter than thought. Of the oldest inhabitants, I can not help mentioning the name of Barnard, whose white locks and venerable appearance I well recollect, for he was aged when I came to Lancaster. He was a man of extensive culture, a fine speaker, and an honorable gentle-

man. He has gone from among us, but his life and character will be valuable, now and always. I remember, too, Richard Eastman, one of the most honored and honorable men in our town. He was a man without reproach. Fortunate is he who successfully follows his example. Henry Ward Beecher once said that he wanted to live among the hills, where there had been trouble; where there had been steam power, which had thrown up, in some grand convulsion, great mountains. It was a very ancient engine that burst when these hills were blown up from their deep foundations. There is a gentleman here to-day who has always been familiar with steam power, and on the train of fortune. But he loves his mountian home. He is a son of Lancaster, who went out into the world alone, and has come back, bearing the record of an honorable and successful life. I mean Nathaniel White, Esq. He sends me this sentiment, being too modest to speak:

May our town always keep on the track of prosperity, and may her merchandize be *transported* as successfully as this occasion transports *us*.

The third regular toast was then read, as follows:

Our Friends from abroad. We give a cordial welcome to our brothers and sisters who come from their distant homes to gather around the old hearthstones of their infancy. The currents of their lives have run in different channels, but to-day they unite in a broad and peaceful stream, bearing on its bosom a precious freight of warm memories and cordial love. As we separate from around this board, and narrate in each cheerful home the history of the years that have gone since last we met, let us all bear in mind that among the affections incident to human nature there is no emotion more chaste, pure and noble, than the love of early scenes and early friends. Our welcome to you is sincere; may your experience prove it agreeable.

The President. The gentleman who was expected to respond to that toast was the first Preceptor of the Academy in this place, Nathaniel Wilson; and I know there are many of his old pupils here to-day who will be delighted to see and hear him. He claims not to have educated me wholly, but

only *half of me.* I am sorry to say, however, that in that he is mistaken; *it was her sister.* (Laughter). The value of the services that gentleman has rendered the town cannot be calculated. His pupils all speak of him with respect and affection. If present, I wish he would come forward and address them a moment.

[Mr. Wilson did not respond, and the President continued]:

My friends, before any of you retire, there is a little business to be transacted. I propose that when adjourn, it be to meet again at this place on the fourteenth of July, 1964, (laughter and applause); and I venture, in behalf of the committee of arrangements, to invite all of you to be present. (Renewed merriment). The orator will by that time be ready to deliver his oration, and the Governors of Massachusetts and New-Hampshire will be able to attend. If it is your wish, when we do adjourn, to adjourn for a hundred years, and to meet as proposed, you will say "Aye." ("Aye," —"aye.") It is a unanimous vote; therefore, you will all be here. (Great merriment.)

Col. Kent. I have been requested to offer this toast, and I have also been assigned to respond to it:

Our honored Dead. The affectionate remembrance of a grateful community is the noblest homage we can pay to the worth and noble services of those devoted sons of our town who have laid their lives a willing sacrifice upon the altar of their country, during the present war. Heroic and chivalric in their lives, there is not a blemish upon their escutcheon in death. "Without fear and without reproach," may fittingly be written upon their monument. Among the first to spring to arms, the sons of this town have made practical their patriotism. Amid the fierce fire which blazed along the heights of Fredericksburg — in the hoarse thunder which reverberated above that valley of death at Gettysburg — from along the blue waters of the Potomac, the bright Rappahannock, and from the southern coasts, as well as from the crowded wards of army hospitals, their souls have gone up to that God who watches over the widowed and the fatherless. Their names are all dear to us, their memory dearer; and we

recur, with sad pleasure, to their heroic devotion, on this anniversary of that town they loved so well in life, and over which, let us hope, their spirits are hovering to-day.

Mr. President: In nothing but my deep love for the old town of my nativity, and for the soldiers who have gone out from among us, am I fitted to speak to this toast. I can truly say that I have never experienced more pleasure upon any occasion than upon this; for if there is any emotion of my heart which is pure, and strong, and undying, it is love for the town of Lancaster, and for its people; those older than myself, and those who were the friends of my boyhood, who now are, or who have been, residents of this town; and I should illy appreciate the evidences of public confidence and personal regard, which it has been my proudest satisfaction to have received, did I, on a day like the present, amid scenes like these around me, fail to give utterance to the warm love that I entertain for my native town and its people. Certainly, on an occasion like this, when we are assembled from all sections of our common country, to celebrate the hundredth anniversary of this town, it is very fitting and appropriate that we should remember, in a peculiar manner, those who have gone from among us and given up their lives for their country. They are all equally honorable. Whether a soldier fell at the head of his brigade in a fiery charge, or whether his life went out silently from the wards of a hospital, he equally gave up his life for his country, and is equally worthy of remembrance by the people of this town.

Our roll of honor is long. Every quota has been filled; and I am happy to say to our friends from abroad, who take an interest in the old town, that Lancaster to-day stands ahead of all the calls that have been made upon her patriotism, having a handsome surplus. She sent forward a company to the first regiment that went from this State; but, that regiment having been previously filled, it was unable to join it, and was sent to the second, where it remained, participating in every battle of that gallant corps, until its members were discharged from the service at the expiration of their enlistment.

Lancaster has been represented in nearly every regiment.

Long as has been the roll of honor, the list of our dead is also long. I have endeavored, since I was assigned to respond to this toast, to gather the military statistics of the town, which I now present, with a list of the brave men who have fallen, and who should be honored by our people as having sacrificed their lives for the common good, and for the peace and prosperity that we enjoy to-day.

From the beginning of the war to the present time, Lancaster has sent 179 men into the field; there have also been 9 re-enlistments; making an aggregate of 187 men out of a population of 2024. Of these, 163 were enlisted for three years, and 34 for nine months. The list embraces all ranks in the service, from colonels to corporals and privates; all good men, and equally deserving. Of this muster-roll, and including the names of three, John H. White, Jr., Edward Allen, and Charles Cady, who were serving in commands outside the State, 31 have either been killed in battle or have died in the service.

The names of these martyrs, so far as I can now give them, are Col. Edward E. Cross, Lt. John C. Lewis, Francis Hayward, John H. White, Jr., Lt. M. W. Humphrey, Sergt. Lewis P. Summers, Corp. James S. Kent, Corp. R. O. Young, Corp. E. R. Jones, Timothy Grannis, F. A. Wentworth, C. H. Kane, Cyrus Savage, Edward B. Wilder, Wm. H. Allen, Edward Allen, Louis La Point, John G. Sutton, Patrie McCaffrey, Philip McCaffrey, Jared Grey, Aurin Morse, Freeman Perkins, Wm. Farnham, E. Jarvis, W. Jarvis, Charles Cady, J. K. Hodge, Ira G. Douglass, Frederick Ingerson, Lucien Thomas.

At the head of the list in rank, though not in bravery—for, as I have already said, all were equally brave and all are equally to be honored—is the name of the lamented Col. Cross, who fell about a year ago, and whose body rests in yonder cemetery. It was with emotions of the deepest grief that I heard of his death, for he was the friend of my boyhood, sharing, fully, many of the warmest feelings of my heart. He early took his position in the field, raising a regiment and disciplining it with wonderful skill for that early period; a regiment which was distinguished for its bravery and daring,

among all the brave and daring regiments of the army; a regiment always the first to meet the foe. He poured out his life bravely at that fearful battle of Gettysburg, on the right of the second corps, when ordered up to support Sickles' corps, as it gave way on Thursday. He was a brave, chivalric and noble man; impulsive and hasty in his utterance, but always making good, by his acts, every thing he said. I know there was nothing to which he looked forward with more anxious longing than the close of the war, that he might return to the place of his nativity, and mingle with the friends of his youth; and he earnestly wished that if he fell on the field, his ashes might be laid among kindred and friends at home.

A brave man fell when Lieutenant John G. Lewis, of the 9th Regiment, was killed — rallying his company upon the heights of Fredericksburg. He was not a native of this town by birth, but by adoption. No more unassuming, no braver man, than Lieut. Lewis, ever went out from among us.

We lost a young man, loved and esteemed by all who knew him, when Frank Heywood died in the hospital at Bladensburg. An appropriate tribute was paid to his memory, in the steps that were taken by his fellow-townsman to bring him back, and give him fitting burial among the friends he loved so well.

John H. White, Jr., a young man much esteemed, was a member of the Chicago Mercantile Battery, and died of a severe wound received at the siege of Vicksburg. Lieut. Humphrey was killed in the recent battles before Petersburg; Corporal Kent was killed by a sharpshooter, the day after the great battle at Gettysburg; Corporal Young died of fever contracted on the Chickahominy; Corporal Jones was shot at Spottsylvania; J. K. Hodge fell at the Wilderness; Fred Ingerson died of fearful wounds received at Fort Wagner; Grannis fell dead in his tent, from sudden disease; Kane returned to meet with kind nursing at the hands of friends, and Summers, Wentworth, Savage, Wilder, the Alden boys, the McCaffreys, Grey, Morse, Douglass and Thomas, breathed out their lives away from home and friends, in the wards of army hospitals. Of the cause of death of the others in the list, I regret to say that I am ignorant. Many of these departed

braves were brought back, through the affectionate love of relatives and friends, and they now sleep quietly in the churchyard where they played when boys. Others have found burial where they fell, or where they lay down from the weary struggle with wounds and disease; in each case, leaving behind a record untarnished, and ennobled with the virtues that mark the career of the volunteer soldier.

I may have omitted the names of some, but have gathered such as I could, in the brief time I have had for preparation, and present them here to-day, that they may receive — as I know they will — the warmest affection of every person here congregated.

I welcome here to-day all the friends from abroad who have gathered together on this occasion. I sincerely hope that the expectations that have induced them to undertake the long journeys that many of them have made may be fully realized. I trust that the day may be one of pleasant incidents as it passes, and of pleasant remembrances hereafter; and I trust that, as we recall this day at Lancaster, amid the scenes of our earlier life, we may cherish, with fondest memory and the kindest and most undying regard, the names of those brave, loyal, and patriotic sons of our town, who went out from among us, and have laid down their lives upon the altar of their country, that we may enjoy, in common with the country at large, the peace that smiles upon this State and upon this community to-day. (Loud applause.)

The President. I do not mean to say, ladies and gentlemen, that Lancaster has ever felt very materially any of its great losses, because its resources have been so unbounded. It has, however, been quite a custom in times past, for inquiring young men, and also, sometimes, for sober, serious and disconsolate older ones, to make pilgrimages to our mountains, to recuperate their health and restore their spirits. They often came to Lancaster for relief, and, for a spiritual medicine, carry off our daughters, to adorn other homes, in other States. I have seen here to-day one of these fortunate men from Massachusetts, a valued acquaintance and friend of mine for some years. If Mr. Ezra C. Hutchins is in the audience, I would like to ask him what sentiment he cherishes for the

town of Lancaster, the birth-place of his better half? I know he has very happy feelings and a most thankful disposition concerning us. I will venture to say he is a very fortunate man, and must know it. (Laughter.)

Mr. Hutchins sent up the following toast: May the daughters of Lancaster be found as lovely in the future as they have been in the past.

Fourth regular toast:

Our Common Country. While we gather here to celebrate the hundredth birth-day of our goodly town, let us remember the glorious history of that common country throughout whose limits our homes are scattered. May treason and rebellion meet the reward they merit. May a restored Union and the enforcement of the constitution and the laws, soon mark the end of this unhappy struggle which ambitious and wicked men have forced upon the country.

The President. I have been requested to call upon Daniel C. Pinkham, Esq., to respond to this toast.

In the necessary absence of Mr. Pinkham, the next sentiment was announced by the toast-master:

The Ancient Fraternity. Almost co-existent with the settlement of the town is the date of the old Lodge, represented her to-day. To it and to the Commandery we give a cordial welcome, remembering that their history is so interwoven with the history of the town and the acts of its settlers as to almost make them identical. The institution has merited well at our hands. May it flourish — an honor to the principles which underlie its existence.

Col. Kent. I will call upon Sir Knight Jared I. Williams to respond to that sentiment. He was early connected with the revival of the Order in this town, and it is as much indebted to him as to any person for its present flourishing condition.

SPEECH OF SIR KNIGHT J. I. WILLIAMS.

I could wish, sir, that some older member of the Fraternity, some one better versed in its history, and whose eloquence would do better justice to it than any words of mine, had

been designated to respond to this sentiment; but as I make it a rule never to shrink from trying, at least, to do my part, I will say a few words.

In 1797, I think, authority was given to Mr. John Weeks and associates to establish North Star Lodge. From that time down to the Morgan excitement, the Lodge worked on, with that varying fortune that marks all human institutions; sometimes meeting with a high degree of prosperity, and at other times sinking to a very low state. At that time, when unprincipled politicians—then, as always, ready to seize upon any thing to accomplish their ends—grasped at the alleged abduction of a worthless citizen to raise an outcry against the Order, the lodge languished, and finally the charter was returned to the Grand Lodge, where it remained until 1852, when Dr. Eliphalet Lyman procured its restoration. Since then it has prospered to a great degree, and now numbers some hundred and fifty members. What we have accomplished for the good of the town, how far our lessons of love and kindness taught in the lodge have gone toward uniting the people of this town, will only be known when the last records are made up, and we all stand before our Master and wait his final inspection. This much we know, that the honored names of those who have presided over us, and who have assisted us in all our undertakings, are those of our most respected citizens — men of worth, whose names are sufficient vouchers that we have been engaged in nothing wrong, but that we have always wrought for the best interests of our native town. The names of Weeks, and Savage, and Wilson, and Chapman, and others familiar to the older citizens of this town, are good sureties for our well meaning, and, I think, for our good conduct. To-day we have met together and carried before you the banner of the knights of old, the emblem of our Order. With pleasure we have done it; and we hope it has reminded you, as it ever reminds us, that in our course of life the cross of our blessed Saviour should be our only guide.

I would here remind my brother masons that this is the first time that we have been called out on an occasion of festivity. Our meetings have been generally those of sorrow

and mourning. Soon after the restoration of our Lodge we were called to lay the remains of Dr. Lyman in the silent tomb, and pay to them the last sad honors which were denied by his kindred. We recorded his virtues upon our records, and threw over his frailties the mantle of Masonic charity. Since then we have been called upon to bury many of our most influential members. I was struck with the mention, by the Marshal, of Col. Cross, Lieut. Lewis and others, who have fallen in this civil war, and whom we have laid in the grave.

But, citizens of Lancaster, as we joyously assist you on this occasion, so we ask you to assist us with your smiles and your encouragement, that our Masonic trowels may be more efficient in spreading the cement of love and union; that our Masonic swords may be sharper to smite asunder the arrows of temptation, and that our armor may be proof against them.

The next regular toast was then read, as follows:

The Volunteer Army. The world never saw a more magnificent army than the volunteer force of the United States. All good citizens, they sprang to arms, to sustain the government that protected them. When the war shall favorably end, we shall welcome the members to their usual avocations; ever remembering the services they rendered in times of danger.

Captain F. M. Rhodes, formerly of the 14th N. H. Vols., was called upon to respond to this sentiment, but did not come forward.

Seventh regular toast:

The Federal Navy. Grown to dimensions unequalled in the naval records of the world, the modest bravery of its officers and sailors is as marked as its recognized supremacy. In the dark days presaging open war, not a sailor was false to his allegiance. We recognize in the recent combat of the Kearsarge with the pirate Alabama an earnest of the result that must always follow a fair fight. The victorious vessel, built in a New-Hampshire port, named for a New-Hampshire mountain, and partially under the command of a descendant of the old Revolutionary stock of the State (Thornton), will be remembered in history along with the old Constitution. The

crews of other vessels only require a similar opportunity to do equally effective service.

Col. KENT. I desire to call upon a son of Lancaster to respond to that toast; a young man whose bravery is only equalled by his modesty; who has gone through the several gradations in the navy, until he now holds the honorable position of Lieutenant. I refer to ALFRED T. SNELL, late of the ship Lancaster.

THE PRESIDENT. I happen to know something of the manner in which Lieut. Snell has performed his duties, and it has been so creditable that I am sure his name will be written among the honored sons of the town.

Lieut. Snell having left the bower, Col. Kent said:

I desire to call for a toast from an old and respected citizen, whose long and honorable career has been without spot or blemish; whose descendants have sprang up around him, and whom we all rejoice to see here to-day. I allude to Col. JOHN H. WHITE. Will he favor us with a sentiment, or some remarks?

Col. White said he had no speech to make, but he would offer as a sentiment —

Lancaster as it was one hundred years ago, a howling wilderness, now blossoming like the rose. Never need a son look beyond his own town to find any thing surpassing the sublime beauty of its scenery.

Eighth regular toast:

The Churches and the Sabbath Schools. We hail, as an omen fraught with pleasing results, the cordial commingling of churches and sabbath schools on this occasion. It is eminently fitting that we should cast aside, on occasions like this, all distinctive badges and societies, and unite as the followers and believers of one God, in celebrating the anniversary of a town where all have enjoyed freedom of conscience, and grown to the stature of manhood under his impartial protection. May it mark an era of genuine good feeling among different churches and sects; among whom no contention should ever exist, except that noble contention, or, rather, emulation, who can best serve our common Benefactor.

To this toast there was no response, and the next was read as follows:

The early Settlers of our Town. Surrounded by all the comforts of life, we shall do well to reflect upon the sterling vigor of those men who "tamed the wilderness," and those women who, by their patient endurance and cheering assistance, encouraged them in the pioneers' career. Undergoing the hardships incident to a new settlement; situated far in the forests; in fact a very outpost of civilization; their steady effort overcame all obstacles, until we to-day are reaping the rich fruit of their planting. Their descendants have in all cases done honor to the stock from whence they sprung, and they may well refer to-day, with pardonable pride, to the labors of their ancestors.

SPEECH OF REV. WM. R. JOYSLIN, OF BERLIN, VT.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen: I thank you for the invitation to respond to this toast. I am one of those who revere age, and it is exceedingly pleasant to me, when I come back here, to see so many reverend and revered men and women, who have given character to our town. The earliest settlers have passed off the stage. Stockwell, Buckman, Spaulding — they have passed off, as individuals, from the stage of action, but their descendants remain; and this town, in the families of the Spauldings, the Savages, the Stockwells, the Weekses, and their descendants, directly and indirectly, with their comfortable homes, attests the character of those settlers. They were industrious, thrifty, sturdy men, and they gave character and life to this town. Their descendants are of the same class, and we know — as we look abroad over our community — that they are its bone and sinew. Our fathers endured stern hardships and privations. Mr. Edward Spaulding, who settled upon the hill, was brought here in the arms of his mother — the first infant brought to this town. Many came from Massachusetts, as we have heard. They came into the wilderness and laid the foundations upon which our prosperity has been built up. Among other things — and it may become me to speak of it, my friends — they brought

with them and established the Gospel and its institutions. The early settlers reared the old meeting-house, and there the families gathered in those pews — every pew representing a family; and thus the people of this town were brought together in a bond of religious and spiritual union — a union that will outlast all other unions. Our stability, my friends, is in following the example that has been exhibited by the lives and the actions of the early settlers; holding fast to the truth, building upon the foundations that they laid, and standing by the principles that have been committed to us by a christian and pious ancestry. I believe that in this rests our strength, and that by this we shall conquer.

May we, my friends, be as faithful in our day and generation — those who are coming upon the stage and those who are now in middle life — as the early settlers of this town; and may the prosperity of this town henceforth be an honor to us, as it has been an honor to them. May we all stand in the principles that were left to us, and be a united and a happy people.

Col. KENT. In this connection, I will read a communication that has been received from Judge WOODRUFF, of Ohio, whose wife, as you all know, is the daughter of Hon. JOHN H. WHITE, of this town.

Mr. President: Having some years since become allied to the ancient and honorable family of the Whites, who have long lived within view of the White Mountains of New-Hampshire, and a branch of which I took the liberty of transplanting into the genial soil of Ohio, may I be allowed the privilege of addressing a few words to this intelligent assembly upon so interesting an occasion.

A hundred years, to our finite minds, occupies an immense space of time, and yet how short compared with the thousands that have passed, or with the countless ages yet to come. In this short space of a century, however, the close of which you have met to commemorate, what momentous events have transpired. Nations have risen and fallen; the face of the moral, and indeed of the religious and political world, has assumed many varied aspects; the march of mind has been

more rapid in that period than in any other ten centuries. Need I mention the wonderful application of steam to all the departments of commerce, agrieulture and manufactures, and to the art of printing, and the art of war; or the mysterious operations of the magnetic telegraph, and the thousand other inventions and improvements which have with magic speed darted into being?

Look at this beautiful valley in which you are now assembled. Many of you yet living have seen the Indian canoe gliding silently and rapidly upon the smooth surface of this beautiful stream (the Connecticut). Some sought homes among these granite hills almost at the beginning of the century you celebrate, bringing with you your wives and children to a then cold and cheerless home. Now, how changed the scene! Smiling landscapes, enlivened on all sides by neat and thrifty villages, manufacturing towns and well-worked farms, all brought into such close proximity with the milder climates of the country, that what nature has denied to you in the way of tropical luxuries, is now brought within your daily reach, leaving you still in the enjoyment of the bracing air and fertile soil of your mountains and valleys.

What a happy people we ought to be—surrounded in all parts of our country with such unnumbered blessings as the God of Providence has provided for us! Yet how undeserving! Instead of a united and a prosperous country, we have, through the infernal spirits which infest the land, become distracted, and our soil deluged in blood. But, thanks to God, there is a spirit yet prevalent among the people, which, by his aid, will send these hellish influences down, down, to the infernal pit from whence they came, and the American eagle will yet soar triumphantly through the skies, bidding defiance to these powers of darkness that would pull down the fair fabric of Liberty, reared by our immortal ancestors.

Col. Kent continued: Several other toasts have been handed in by various parties during the day, to which no person has been assigned to respond. I will read them now:

By Nathaniel Wilson, Esq., the first Preceptor of the Academy, of Orono, Me.:

Lancaster. In the grandeur and beauty of her natural

scenery, unrivaled—but, in her social relations more notable—more truly beautiful. As her generations in the past century were distinguished in all the elements that constitute an intelligent and virtuous community, may the present and the future rival the past.

By Rev. John Lovejoy, the chaplain designated for the occasion, who, much to our regret, is unable to be with us to-day:

Lancaster. Beautiful for situation—the joy of all resident and absent citizens. Surrounded by the "Mountains of God," may her love for liberty, education, religion, and religious institutions be as permanent as the White Mountains.

The United States. The most glorious, the happiest, "the most magnificent dwelling for men on earth." Its disunion is sought by worthless men. Let the language of every loyal heart be, "The Union MUST and SHALL be preserved." May the eternal God be its refuge, and underneath, the everlasting arms.

The Ladies. No celebration is complete without the presence of the ladies. At this time we welcome them with peculiar pleasure. We attribute the present position of the town, in wealth, culture, and influence, to the force of their example and the effect of their labors. While we cherish with the warmest affection the name of the town of our youth, we can never forget the dear ones that have made and still render it doubly dear.

The Committees of the Occasion. Better labor was never more cheerfully rendered than that by our men, matrons, and maids, in preparing this enthusiastic welcome to the old home. May the efforts they have shown in our behalf bear abundant fruit in the harvest of pleasant recollections that will spring from the seed here planted.

The Citizens generally. From the farm, the office, the shop, and the counter, the people have come up to enjoy this day's festivity. As we glance over the luxuriant fields and among the evidences of prosperity that surround us, we may well

have reason for a day's festive congratulation on the peaceful progress that has passed over the happy valley. During long years to come, may we, the people of this good old town, dwell in harmony, peace, and plenty—striving for the common good, and diffusing influences that shall endure long after they have lain down to sleep beneath the shade of the hills that smiled over their cradle.

The Sons and Daughters of Lancaster. May those of them who have left their homes, honor their native town by their deeds as much as she has honored them in their birth.

I hold in my hand a letter from a gentleman, not a citizen of Lancaster, but a native of the county, who has honored it on many a battle-field. I allude to Maj. Gen. JOHN G. FOSTER, a native of Whitefield:

BALTIMORE, Md., April 3, 1864.

COL. HENRY O. KENT, *Marshal-in-Chief:*

DEAR SIR: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your note of the 28th ult., and beg you to accept my thanks for your kindness.

It would afford me great pleasure to be present at the centennial celebration at Lancaster, N. H., on the 14th of July next, as I am a native of Whitefield, Coos county. But I very much fear that I shall be too much occupied at that time to be absent from my duties.

I have been off duty for several weeks from the effects of an injury to my wounded leg, received in East Tennessee, and would hardly like to ask for leave of absence in July, which will probably be the busiest period of the coming campaign, in which I hope to take an active part. Again accept my thanks, and believe me, very truly yours,

J. G. FOSTER, Maj. Gen. Vols.

The following note has been received from His Excellency, Gov. Gilmore:

STATE OF NEW-HAMPSHIRE,
EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,
CONCORD, July 9, 1864.

MY DEAR COL.: I am in receipt of your favor of the 8th

instant. I am sorry to inform you that our Legislature will sit all of next week, and it will be impossible for me to be at Lancaster on the 14th, which I most truly and sincerely regret.

I am, my dear Sir, your friend, very truly,

J. A. GILMORE.

Col. Henry O. Kent, Lancaster, N. H.

Col. Kent also read extracts from several other letters, from gentlemen in various sections of the country, which will be found in full in the Appendix.

The President. My friends, we have had some disappointments to-day, but I am sure we have had also considerable happiness. It is hardly proper for us to pass by, with a single sentiment, the labors of the several committees here to-day. They have been so well performed, and in all respects are so creditable, that I think the children of Lancaster who reside out of the town and the State ought to give them some special commendation. I therefore propose that the thanks of the sons and daughters of Lancaster be given to the various committees of arrangements, for the highly satisfactory manner in which they have discharged their duties. Those in favor of that proposition will say "Aye." ["Aye"—"Aye."] Contrary minded, "No." [No response.] Every body is satisfied with those committees. (Applause.)

And now, my friends, it remains for us simply to congratulate ourselves that we have had such a beautiful day. Providence has smiled upon this occasion in a peculiar manner. There is much felicity in what has been said and done. It has been clearly demonstrated to-day that the love and friendship of the people of Lancaster are stronger than their politics and party spirit. Not one word has been uttered reflecting upon any man or set of men under heaven. It a precious blessing, and a cause of rejoicing, that there are still some occasions in life when we can meet in friendship and harmony. I trust that when we separate we may go with the right temper and right feeling, and with a fixed determination that we will hereafter do nothing which will reflect dishonor upon our native town; that we shall go forth self-reliant, and with the firm purpose to accomplish whatever we undertake, as becomes

the sons of Lancaster. I trust, too, that we shall be true to ourselves and the virtues of our fathers, and as often as we remember them, renew the resolution that their posterity shall never be unworthy of them.

Col. Kent. My friends, this closes the exercises of the day. A levee will be held at the town hall, this evening, which we hope will be made one of the pleasant incidents of this occasion by the presence of our friends from all parts of the country, and the interchange of cordial greetings and sentiments of friendship. We hope to see you all to-night, and that you will extend this notice as much as possible, that there may be a large attendance.

This meeting stands adjourned until the 14th day of July, 1964. (Laughter and applause.)

The President. Col. Kent will conduct the exercises on that occasion. (Renewed laughter.)

LEVEE AT THE TOWN HALL.

The festivities of this interesting occasion were fitly terminated by a levee in the evening, at the town hall—the ancient meeting-house, the first erected in the town, and itself, therefore, a link between the present and the past—which was crowded to overflowing by the residents of the town, and their friends from abroad. The hall was handsomely decorated with flags and wreaths of evergreen, while a magnificent boquet, gigantesque in size, but arranged with exquisite taste, hung over the platform, like the breath of Imogen, perfuming the room. The gathering was an informal one, and the principal portion of the time was spent in the exchange of friendly greetings and conversation, in which the reminiscences of the past held a conspicuous place. Old friends, long parted by time, and widely separated by distance, here met, to renew once more the intercourse of early years, and revive the pleasant memories of the past.

The following songs, written for the occasion by Henry O. Kent, Esq., and Mrs. Mary B. C. Slade, were sung, in a spirited and effective manner, by the Glee Club:

1 In the grateful shade of our mountain home
A glad throng gathers to-day;
To welcome with joy to the old hearth-stone
Companions so long away.

2 And list, 'mid our welcome resounding clear,
A plaintive strain from afar,
That sweetly falls on our gathering here
Through the list'ning summer air.

3 The greeting of friends to the olden home,
Now rested from mortal strife;
Whose spirits attend ye, as back ye come
To haunts of their earthly life.

4 Warm is the greeting and strong the embrace
That welcome ye home again;
Which bid ye forget the wearying race
That led from this peaceful plain.

5 Ring the glad chorus full joyously out,
While the old, old tales are told;
Let silvery laugh and echoing shout
Prove hearts that have not grown cold.

6 Aye, the sturdy old town is glad to-day,
As she welcomes home her own,
And her jocund smile is as blithe and gay
As that of her youngest born.

7 Ye have done her honor where'er ye strove,
Her dead have been leal and true;
The pride of her sons and her daughters' love
Been pure as our mountains' snow.

8 Let us strengthen here this union of ours,
Near the graves of loved ones gone;
Renew at this altar our youthful vows,
And cheerfully journey on.

WELCOME HOME.

1 Mountain winds and singing waters
Sound our old home's gladsome strain;
Climb the hills, my Sons and Daughters!
Welcome, welcome home again!
Climb the hills, my Sons and Daughters!
Welcome, welcome home again!
Climb the hills, my Sons and Daughters!
Welcome, welcome home again!

2 Haste from prairie, lake and ocean;
From the crowded cities come,
And afar from war's commotion,
Soldiers, brothers, welcome home!

3 Come, unseen ones, at our calling,
Who, our glory and our loss,
Nobly fought, as nobly falling,
With the brave and gallant Cross!

4 Lovely spot, sweet home of beauty,
On her birth-day bright and clear,
At the call of love and duty,
All shall find a welcome here.

5 Crown with love each joyous hour,
Write each name so dear to her
On the hundred petaled flower,
Sweet wild rose of LANCASTER!

In the course of the evening, ALBERT HOLTON, Esq., of Bangor, proposed that the natives of Lancaster, now resident abroad, should purchase the field where the dinner had been given, and present it to the town for a public common, as a memorial of their affection for the place of their birth. The proposition was heartily seconded by NATHANIEL WILSON, Esq., of Orono, Me., and J. B. BROWN, Esq., of Portland. A subscription paper was drawn up, and considerable progress made in obtaining the requisite amount. A resolution was also passed authorizing Col. Kent to procure all available statistics in regard to the history of the town, to be printed with the account of the celebration.

At 10½ o'clock the company separated, (the band playing "Home, Sweet Home") to seek their several homes, their souls strengthened, and their hearts inspired, we trust, by the events of the day, and a store of fragrant memories treasured up for the years that are to come.

As a matter for future reference in this connection, we insert the names of those officials who were present, and acted on the occasion.

PRESIDENT—David H. Mason, Boston, Mass.

VICE PRESIDENTS—Nathaniel White, Concord; John B. Brown, Portland, Me.; L. C. Porter, St. Johnsbury, Vt.; Edward D. Holton, Milwaukee, Wis.; Nathaniel Wilson, Orono, Me.; Spencer Clark, Lunenburg, Vt.; John W. Lovejoy, Hatfield, Mass.; Reuben G. Freeman, Guildhall, Vt.; Charles Baker, Royal Joyslin, J. E. Stickney, Horace Whitcomb, Allen Smith, Wm. Lovejoy, Seth Savage, Wm. Holkins, Wm. Burns, Douglass Spaulding, Emmons Stockwell, Warren Porter, Amos Legro, Porter G. Freeman, Joseph Howe, John H. White, Benj. Hunking, Turner Stephenson, J. W. Williams, James W. Weeks, Ephraim Cross, Charles D. Stebbins, Richard P. Kent, Samuel McIntire, Gilman Wilder, Ephraim Stockwell, Beniah Colby, Daniel Stebbins, Wm. Moore, Lancaster.

Committee of Arrangements — J. W. Barney, Wm. R. Stockwell, J. I. Williams, Samuel H. Legro, Edward Savage, H. J. Whitcomb, E. R. Kent.

Marshal-in-Chief—Henry O. Kent.

Aids to the Marshal—Levi B. Joyslin, Edward R. Kent, Ira S. M. Gove, Frank Smith, Loren B. Porter, Chapin C. Brooks, Wm. C. Spaulding, Oscar F. Bothel, H. G. Hodgdon, H. F. Whitcomb, Sylvanus Chesman, Wm. Warren, James S. Brackett, E. D. Stockwell, G. H. Emerson, Philastus Eastman, Fred. H. Colby.

Special Marshal for Sabbath Schools—Harvey Adams.

Assistants—Joseph C. Marshall, Seneca Congdon, Geo. M. Smith, Albert T. Johnson, C. M. Winchester.

In the absence of the Orator selected—Wm. H. Farrar, of Oregon—addresses were delivered by David H. Mason, of Boston, Mass, and Edward D. Holton, of Milwaukee, Wis.

Chaplain—Rev. David Perry, of Brookfield, Vt.

Toast-Masters—The President and Marshal-in-Chief.

Reader of the Charter—Ossian Ray.

Committee on Dinner—Frederick Fisk, E. R. Kent, A. H. Aspinwall, G. H. Watson, W. F. Smith, C. E. Allen, G. O. Rogers, H. J. Whitcomb, L. B. Porter, E. Spaulding, J. B. Moore, W. D. Weeks, J. Moore, R. L. Hodgdon, W. J. Harriman, Chas. W. Hodgdon, Francis H. Wentworth, Alonzo P. Freeman, Dudley N. Hodgdon, 2d, Barton G. Towne, James Legro, Hiram Savage, John W. Spaulding, J. W. Savage, O. F. Bothel, Warren Marden, R. G. Kimball, Joseph Colby, Zeb. Twitchell J. S. Brackett, Geo. W. Webster, S. H. Legro, C. D. Allen, Chas. McIntire, Nelson Kent, William Darby, C. B. Allen, Wm. L. Rowell, B. F. Hunking, L. F. Moore, W. H. Clarke, J. C. Marshall, George Cotton, Nelson Sparks, John E. Field, and their wives; Horace Spaulding, Henry Webb, and their sisters; Geo. S. Stockwell, Phineas R. Hodgdon, Miss Rebecca Colby and Miss Abigail Colby.

APPENDIX.

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,
BOSTON, June 27th, 1864.

HENRY O. KENT, Esq., Marshal-in-Chief, &c., &c.

My dear Sir: I am very glad to believe that nothing will interfere to prevent me from accepting, now, your very kind and cordial invitation to attend at the Centennial Celebration at Lancaster, on the 14th. A sight of the beautiful region of Northern New-Hampshire will be far more refreshing to me in this summer heat than any thing I can do or say there can be to your good people, and I anticipate great pleasure from my visit.

I am, very truly, your friend and servant,

JOHN A. ANDREW.

LEBANON, July 11, 1864.

Friend Kent: I have cherished the hope that I should be able to attend your Centennial Celebration this week, in compliance with your kind invitation; but I am compelled to abandon the idea, and to say I can not come.

The celebration is to be a "home affair," and, strictly speaking, I have no business there. The sons and daughters of good old Lancaster are invited home, to exchange friendly greetings, to look once more upon the beautiful river and those grand old mountains, to revive the memories of their common birth-place, and review their family records.

Such a meeting can not fail to be both joyous and sad. It will bring to mind the days of childhood, and many pleasing

associations that cling around the dear familiar places. Memory will unfold many forgotten scenes, and the forms of dear ones gone will be mentally photographed, even upon their tomb-stones.

The influences of such a meeting are pure and holy. They appeal to the tenderest emotions and sympathies of human nature, and subdue unworthy passions. They suggest the idea of mutability, and forcibly admonish us that this is not our "abiding place." They teach the doctrine of brotherly love — of honor and fidelity. They smooth the rugged way of life — lighten its burdens, and elevate the soul in all its moral and social attributes.

The century which Lancaster has lived has been one of the most remarkable centuries. Our loved Republic had its beginning soon after it was ushered in. It includes the history of this young and vigorous nation — its noble youth, its DEMOCRATIC sentiments, its rapid growth in population, in material wealth, in learning, in art, in religion — indeed, in all the elements of true national greatness. The century closes in the midst of a great struggle for national existence. The Republic is in danger! Twenty millions of free people are audaciously challenged by traitors to yield up their liberty, their government, and their property. *It will not be done.* The nation will live — and treason will die! Let us have undoubting faith that the same hand of Providence which led our fathers through the Revolution, will lead us safely through this struggle, and that our nation will rise from this terrible ordeal to purer and more exalted life; and that, many centuries hence, our descendants, while honoring the patriotic dead, may celebrate the glories of a united, regenerated, free and prosperous country.

Truly yours,

A. H. CRAGIN.

CINCINNATI, O., April 21, 1864.

Edward Savage, Esq. Sir: I have just received the invitation of your Committee of Arrangements. * * * Should I not be so favored as to be present, permit me to express the hope that "all things will be done" so "decently and in" such "order," that every member of the vast congregation assembled may realize his highest expectations, while no one will do or see done any act, "which, dying, he could wish to blot."

Please to accept, sir, for yourself and all the other members of your committee, the assurance of the high consideration of yours,

Very respectfully,

A. CURTIS.

CINCINNATI, May 1, 1864.

Edward Savage, Esq., Secretary, &c. Sir: Your circular of invitation to attend the Centennial Anniversary of the settlement of Lancaster, is received. The call for 30,000 one hundred days men for garrison duty, the impending draft for 18,000 men for the field, and my own small affairs, will not permit me to be with you on that occasion, but they do permit me to send you my estimate of good old Coös, her work, her spirit, and her children.

* * * * * * * *

Such a spirit makes the land of Adams and Webster the cynosure of the Republic. The dawn of such light should be celebrated; the heralds of those ideas deserve lasting remembrance; lives pervaded by such conceptions are worthy of eulogy. This spirit is the normal mental atmosphere of New-England. It is genial to symmetrical culture. It fosters the harmonious growth of the soul. It grows human beings as our beautiful valley does the pine.

The true child of Coos has no superstition, no license, no lash, no fatality, no antiquity, but is a rational force, armed with multitudinous facts, exhaustive conceptions and compre-

hensive principles; guided by personal neatness, attractive manners, elocutionary correctness, grammatical accuracy, rhetorical purity, logical consistency and philosophical insight, and ruled by temperate appetites, innocent pleasures, warm affections, varied utilities, solid virtues, charming tastes, and exalted piety.

Respectfully,

E. H. Stockwell.

Fennimore, Grant Co., Wis., June 19, 1864.

J. W. Berry, J. I. Williams, and others, Committee of Arrangements.

Gentlemen: Your very kind invitation to be present at the Centennial Celebration of the settlement of Lancaster, was received in due time. It is now nearly twenty years since I left Lancaster, the place of my nativity; but the pleasing recollection of my boyhood days — my old playmates, who used to roam with me over the beautiful hills and mountains of our native land, breathing the pure and bracing air which surrounded them — my class-mates in school, who used to vie with each other in the pursuit of "knowledge under difficulties"— the spelling-school, which broke the monotony of day school life by the trial of "who should spell down"— the social evening party, the domestic fireside, the many relatives and friends who did then, and do still there reside,—these. and many other pleasing reminiscences, will never be forgotten. They are stamped indelibly upon the page of memory.

But where are the old pioneers of this, our native land; the founders of this town, whom we all so much admire and love? They are all gone. Peace to their ashes! May their industry and their many virtues be imitated by those who are now carrying on the work of improvement they so nobly begun, and which I trust will be continued in the future, until the native and adopted sons and daughters of Lancaster shall be able to say, "We have the prettiest village, the best cultivated farms, the most virtuous, intelligent and industrious inhabit-

ants of any town which nestles among the Granite Hills of New-Hampshire, or even in New-England."

Trusting that your Celebration may prove an entire success, I will conclude with this sentiment:

The native and adopted Sons and Daughters of Lancaster, representatives of nearly every State and Territory in the Union: May their influence be felt throughout the length and breadth of the land, in aiding the Government to crush out this accursed and wicked rebellion, and establish the Republic upon a permanent foundation; a foundation, the corner-stone of which shall be freedom to all within her borders.

WM. W. FIELD.

CHICAGO, June 22, 1864.

Edward Savage, Esq., Lancaster, N. H., Secretary of Committee on Centennial Celebration.

Sir: My attention has been called to the celebration in my native town, of its One Hundredth Anniversary, on the 14th July proximo, and nothing would give me more pleasure than to be present on that occasion.

I was born in Lancaster, Nov. 11, A. D. 1825; my family moved into Vermont, however, when I was four years of age, since which time I have not known much of the land of my nativity; but I have always felt proud of originating in a land where sometimes it is bleak and dreary, but the hearts of its people are always warm, and noted, the world over, for genuine hospitality — and I have yet to learn of the first man who has not always felt a pride in being a son of New-Hampshire. It will always be a pleasure to me to hear from any of you, and to strike hands with old Coos.

Fraternally yours, JOHN E. HAYNES.

CHICAGO, Ill., July 7, 1864.

Messrs. John W. Barney, J. I. Williams, Wm. B. Stockwell, and others, Committee, &c.

Gentlemen: Until within a very brief time I have confidently calculated on being with you, and joining in the exer-

cises of your Centennial Celebration, to which I acknowledge your kindly bidding, and for which I thank you; but Time, "the thief," has got ahead of me, and my business engagements will not permit me that satisfaction.

Not being able to attend, I join with a very considerable number of natives of "old Cohos," and not a few of the town and village of Lancaster, who have located here beside the bright waters of Lake Michigan, in sending you greeting, and wishing for you all auspicious circumstances that ever wait on such celebrations,

"——— and pleasure,
Without stint or measure."

We beg to assure you that we do not, never *can*, and never *will*, forget the grand old mountains, the bright valleys, pure streams, and fair lakes of our native State, though far away; nor the clinging recollections of childhood, youth, and early manhood; nor, dearer than all, the old folks and young folks, left in our "good old homes." Few will ever return, but to most of us there is no brighter spot on earth than the Connecticut valley through Coos, and no lovelier village than Lancaster, nestled down beside its two rivers and among the mountains.

Again wishing you a good time generally, I send you as my "personal representative" the following:

For more than a *hundred* hundred years,
May Lancaster echo the hearty cheers
Of freemen, true to a freeman's vow,
That our country shall number a hundred States,
From the "Land of Fin" to Behring's straits,
And *never a single one* less than now.
That our flag shall wave while the world revolves,
Upheld by strong arms and firm resolves —
That living or dead we'll be
True to the trust by our fathers given,
True to our Flag, though battle riven,
True to our God — and *free!*

Yours, very truly,

J. W. Merriam.

Boston, July 10, 1864.

Edward Savage, Esq. Dear Sir: It would give me great pleasure to be present at the Centennial Celebration of the first settlement of my native town, to be held on the 14th instant, but circumstances over which I have no control prevent me. * * * The venerable faces of the pioneer settlers are now fresh in my recollection. The Pages, Stockwells, Bucknams, Brackets, Weekses, Spauldings, Lovejoys, Eastmans, Willards, Savages, Adamses, Stephensons, Moores, Lyons, Willsons, Whites, Everetts, Farrars, and others to whom I was accustomed to bow with reverance, where are they? and where, in a few years, will be their descendants now living, and those who shall assemble to commemorate the Centennial of 1964? Echo answers, *where?*

I trust the day of celebration may be propitious, and that every thing may pass off pleasantly. I shall be with you in mind, though not in person.

If you please, you may present at the festival the following sentiment:

The rising generation of Lancaster. May they emulate their ancestors in prudence and industry, and, in virtue and knowledge, excel them all.

"My own, my native land,
I love thee still."

Very respectfully,

Edward B. Moore, M. D

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